

The cover of TIME magazine features a large, realistic portrait of Superintendent Jansen, a man with grey hair, wearing a white shirt and a blue tie. The word "TIME" is written in large, bold letters at the top. The letters are surrounded by numerous small, colorful illustrations of children in various playful poses, such as jumping, running, and playing with blocks. The background is a light yellow color. The overall theme is one of childhood and education.

**TIME**

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

ARTYBASHEFF

**SUPERINTENDENT JANSEN**  
For New York's melting pot, a schoolroom catalyst.



Studebaker Commander V-8 hard-top. White sidewalls, chrome wheel discs—and glare-reducing tinted glass—optional at extra cost.

Actual color photograph.

## Excitingly different! Studebaker's European look!

Low and racy in design like a costly foreign sports car!  
Thoroughly American in comfort! Down to earth in price!

**N**O WONDER this low-swung new Studebaker with the European look is a sensational seller.

People everywhere say it's the most refreshingly different, most strikingly original car they ever saw.

But your biggest thrill comes when you drive this sleek Studebaker. It sparkles with zip and pep—and you never felt so safe and secure before in any car.

At surprisingly small cost, you can own a brilliantly powered Studebaker Commander V-8—or a long, luxurious Champion in the lowest price field.

Nine body styles—sedans, coupes, hard-tops—all gas economy team-mates of Studebaker Mobilgas Run stars. Marvelous new Power Steering—Automatic Drive or Overdrive—available at extra cost.

**New Studebaker**



**Fashion Academy  
Gold Medal for '53  
goes to Studebaker**

Noted New York school of  
fashion design names Studebaker  
outstanding in style



RESEARCH KEEPS

**B.F. Goodrich**

FIRST IN RUBBER



## That white stuff winds up as windows

*A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber*

**T**HAT steaming white cargo riding the conveyor belt is a special kind of salt, used in making window glass for the nation's stores, factories and homes.

As the salt travels from ovens to storage tanks, it is often 400 degrees hot. And with 1000 sizzling tons to move every day, expensive asbestos belts were burning out in seven months.

Then the company heard that B. F. Goodrich had developed a special heat-resisting rubber for belts that carry such hot materials as coke and

lime. Inside the belt, B. F. Goodrich uses a rayon fabric that not only stands up under heat, but also makes a thinner, more flexible belt.

Put to work here at just half the cost of the asbestos belt it replaced, the B. F. Goodrich belt has already lasted 50% longer. And it still looks so good, engineers predict it will last twice as long.

Making a belt to stand terrific heat is typical of improvements made in other B. F. Goodrich belts—belts to carry materials that tear and cut ordi-

nary rubber, stand crashing blows of dropping coal and rock, carry oily foods and grains, move packages uphill and down. B. F. Goodrich research constantly improves them all. That's why it will pay you to find out what recent improvements B. F. Goodrich has made in any rubber product you use. Call your local BFG distributor, or write *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. M-108, Akron 18, Ohio.*

**B.F. Goodrich**  
**INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS**  
**DIVISION**

**It spoils you for motoring in**



# anything else



WORLD'S ONLY  
VERTICAL VALVE V8



Step in and see for yourself.

Especially, take the wheel of this car—this ROADMASTER for 1953—and try its travel.

For in this master Buick, you command an automobile that moves with such instant response, such sumptuous smoothness, such buoyant comfort—you know in minutes that here is a new magnificence in the fine-car field.

A few brief words may explain what you feel. In this stunningly styled ROADMASTER, you have an engine of tremendous power...

*...the world's newest V8...the world's only V8 with vertical valves and zero-power-loss muffler...the first standard production American automobile engine to reach 8.5 to 1 compression ratio.*

In this gracefully windowed car, you move from start to cruising pace with the instant response and utter smoothness of Twin-Turbine Dynaflo...

*...the fully automatic transmission that takes solid hold on getaway, that is whisper quiet all the way, that moves you up to normal driving range with truly infinite smoothness—and decelerates the same way.*

And in this spaciouly proportioned Buick, you travel in the suave comfort of the industry's most envied ride...

*...the ride of coil-springing on all four wheels...of torque-tube steadiness...of exquisite handling ease, with Power Steering as standard equipment at no extra cost.*

There is more, far more, to be told about ROADMASTER.

But who can tell better than you, at its wheel, the new motoring magnificence this car puts in your hands?

Your Buick dealer will gladly arrange matters. See him soon.

BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS

## ROADMASTER

*Custom Built by* **BUICK**

MILTON BERLE stars for Buick—in The  
BUICK-BERLE SHOW on TV Tuesday evenings.  
Also, every Saturday, tune in The TV Foot-  
ball Game of the Week—a "GM" Key Event



When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

**NOW! A TV PICTURE SO CLEAR, SO SHARP**  
*...you'll think you're at the movies!*



**ANOTHER ENGINEERING MIRACLE BY EMERSON!**

**Space-Saver 21-inch Models.** Here's what the whole TV industry has been striving for—the largest picture in the most compact cabinet, and it's yours with Emerson!

**Fringe Reception.** Whether you live in a steel skyscraper or many miles from a station, Emerson's Dynapower Chassis brings you a movie-picture picture!

**Emerson Miracle Picture Lock.** No fading, no flickering, no "ghosts"—thanks to the exclusive Emerson Miracle Picture Lock which holds the picture steady at all times.

**Every Emerson Ready for UHF.** Every Emerson has built-in antenna. There are 44 distinctive models to choose from, priced as low as

**\$149<sup>95</sup>**

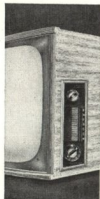
*Prices include excise tax and warranty.*



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**Emerson**

EMERSON RADIO & PHONOGRAPH CORP., N.Y., U.S.A.



**THE SECRET!**

Emerson's exclusive, revolutionary side controls make possible the Space-Saver Cabinet: the front is all screen, a big 21" picture in the slimmest, trimmest cabinet ever built—all wood, in blonde, mahogany, other fine finishes.

☆ SEE RALPH BELLAMY IN "MAN AGAINST CRIME" ☆

**AMERICA'S BEST BUY! OVER 14,000,000 SATISFIED OWNERS!**



## **Peace of Mind**

**Is Yours  
When He Signs  
His Name!**

**It's Been  
True Since  
1853**



*John W. Williams*  
1853-1953



Get acquainted with the America Fore insurance man in your locality.

When he signs his name to an America Fore policy—presto!—as if by magic, peace of mind is yours—for you know that you have protection in an organization which began 100 years ago and whose reputation for integrity and fair dealing has steadily grown.

## **100 YEARS**

This year America Fore is observing 100 years of proven insurance protection by two of its companies, The Continental Insurance Company and the Fidelity-Phenix Fire Insurance Company.

When you insure through America Fore you enjoy freedom from worry built upon experience, character and strength.

For the name of a nearby America Fore Insurance Man, call Western Union by number, ask for Operator 25.



THE CONTINENTAL  
INSURANCE COMPANY



FIDELITY PHENIX  
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY



★ The Continental Insurance Company

★ Niagara Fire Insurance Company

★ Fidelity-Phenix Fire Insurance Company

★ American Eagle Fire Insurance Company

★ The Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York

## LETTERS



The salesman  
and the  
stockholder  
agree:



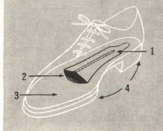
"it's wright for me!"



WING TIP OXFORD  
IN BROWN  
FINE GRAIN

It's easy to see why busy men on their feet like Wright Arch Preservers. These fine shoes serve a double duty... (1) they're styled with loads of good looks, and (2) they're wonderfully comfortable, thanks to hidden features built into each shoe. You owe your feet a treat! Look for your nearest Wright Arch Preserver shoe store in your classified phone book. E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

#### 4 BUILT-IN COMFORT FEATURES



1. FAMOUS SHANK HELPS PRESERVE NATURAL ARCH. 2. METATARSAL RAISE HELPS DISTRIBUTE WEIGHT NATURALLY. 3. FLAT FOREPART HELPS FOOT EXERCISE NATURALLY. 4. HEEL-TO-BALL FITTING—SHOE FITS TO NATURAL FOOT ACTION.

Wright arch preserver  
9 out of 10—buy them again! shoes

FOR WOMEN, SELBY SHOE CO. FOR BOYS, GERBERICH-PAYNE. IN CANADA, FOR MEN, SCOTT-McHALE

### Morality in Politics

Sir:

On the one hand, we have "Secretary Dulles as the champion of a moral order in politics" (TIME, Sept. 28); on the other, we have the British, "soaked in the politics of expediency... working behind the scenes trying to unseat" this noble figure... Should we laugh at this picture of our Machiavellian activities or cry, knowing that for the aggressors every war has been undertaken as a moral crusade? If I knew I were to be the victim of aggression, I would prefer that my aggressor was prompted by honest-to-goodness motives of rape and plunder...  
J. M. RAMPTON

Ipswich, England

Sir:

I found "The Law Beyond" stimulating and near great...

You've emphasized the conflict... between those who believe in a moral law and those who do not... Good! Now let us go from here and resolve and eliminate the conflict. This, rather than "winning" it, takes courage. The winner of a conflict is really only proving he is the stronger... The only real progress in mankind and greatness of men will be to fight to discover what is right rather than fight for what "is" right...  
SAMUEL ROSEN

Chicago

Sir:

... The Dulles and U.S. policy has always been the military solution. To parade our military might all over the world—into backward countries where we have no business; spray our brother with jellied gasoline and set him on fire; burn his women and...

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TIME  
October 19, 1953

Volume LXII  
Number 16

TIME, OCTOBER 19, 1953

as our  
lines  
lengthen ...



America's on the march again! New frontiers, new horizons  
are being opened. And as industry moves from  
metropolitan centers to less congested areas, the General  
Telephone System will supply it with modern telephone service.  
Now serving over 3900 communities in 19 states,  
our lines are long and growing longer where America  
... and General Telephone ... still have room to grow.



**General Telephone  
System** ... One of the  
*Great Telephone Systems  
Serving America*

# Traditional American Friendliness

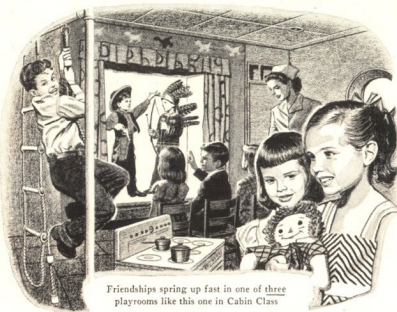
Goes to sea on the s. s. Independence and s. s. Constitution



*Easy-going informality  
makes friendship easy*



*Food so good it's a topic  
for friendly conversation*



Friendships spring up fast in one of three playrooms like this one in Cabin Class



*Dial any climate in your cabin  
that's friendly to you*

*Even the weather  
is friendly...  
87% rain-free days*



See your friendly Travel Agent or

## AMERICAN EXPORT LINES

39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

[ GREAT CRUISE OF 1954—Mediterranean, Egypt, INDIA... 65 days...  
19,000 miles... s. s. INDEPENDENCE... Feb. 4 to Apr. 10... from \$1,750. ]

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EXETER • EXCALIBUR • EXCAMBION • EXOCHORDA To Barcelona • Marseilles  
Naples • Alexandria • Beirut • Iskenderun • Latakia • Piraeus • Leghorn • Genoa

children with atomic fire. Christianity?—  
These are the works of Hell...  
Go ahead and annihilate each other; may-  
be the meek will finally get their chance to  
inherit the earth.

A. B. BILLING

San Diego

Sir:

The East is supposed to represent spiritual civilization, and the West, a materialistic one... It is very humiliating for an Oriental like myself to read that John Foster Dulles of materialistic America is championing the cause of moral and spiritual principles, whereas Jawaharlal Nehru of spiritual India is advocating the adoption of political expedience in the realm of international politics. Can it be that India has degenerated spiritually so low as to copy the Machiavellian practices of the Western nations?... No one can be too proud of the role that Nehru has played in the struggle between Democracy and Communism...

NO-YONG PARK

Oceanside, Calif.

Shining Ruby

Sir:

For many years now I have enjoyed reading your excellent weekly. This week we even enjoyed looking at it. Your print of James Chapin's *Ruby Green Singing* (Sept. 28) is deeply moving.

J. DANIELS

Byron, Ont.

Sir:

James Chapin's portrait of Ruby Green as a young girl, with its shining innocence and hope, is exquisite... It would be interesting to see what changes a quarter of a century has brought to the lovely Ruby...

MARK MICHAELS  
San Francisco

Sir:

I have just turned to *Ruby Green Singing*. However dramatic it may sound, I cannot turn the page.

The expression in the arm, hands, the optimistic happiness in the eyes and the tilt of the head stop me, and I sit looking and looking. It is like simple, peaceful, spiritual music...

MRS. MICHAEL V. EDDES

Los Angeles

¶ Herewith Ruby, Oct. 5, 1953.—ED.

Diplomatic Ostriches

Sir:

Re "Bombs for Everybody": "The U.N. felt it would be impolitic for a peace organization to recognize the [New York City air-raid] drill! Impolitic hell! If anyone should be drilling, it should be U.N.ers in their glass house. Can't you just see 5,000 ostriches with their necks buried in piles of glass, yelling: "This is impolitic!" There will be no diplomatic immunity if the bomb comes.

San Francisco

JIM WORSENCROFT

For Trade, Not Aid

Sir:

John L. Lewis, as reported in your Sept. 28 issue, says that Japan stopped buying coal as soon as U.S. aid stopped. For the record,





## Making it too hot for fire bugs

In 1928 about one dollar of every five in fire loss was due to fire bugs. Since then, fire insurance investigators have revolutionized the detection of arson. Working with local authorities, they have eliminated arson rings. Today, few—if any—professional arsonists can be found for hire. Arson now is mostly the work of juveniles and mental defectives.

For over 150 years the capital stock fire insurance companies have been protecting home owner, business man and farmer against unexpected loss-

es. This protection enables men to invest in the future with confidence. It gives security to millions of families. Furthermore, your premium dollars do double duty. As a reserve fund, they are held to pay your losses; as working dollars, they are used to help build new homes, new plants, new businesses.

Today, 200,000 agents and brokers, representing capital stock fire insurance companies, are serv-

ing you. In business for themselves, they show that private enterprise—which has given America the highest standard of living in the world—provides the best way to meet your insurance needs.

### THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS

85 JOHN ST., NEW YORK 38, N. Y.



An organization maintained by more than 200 Capital Stock Fire Insurance Companies for public service through better fire-fighting methods, arson detection, fire-safety engineering, research, safer construction and fire prevention education.

Is the  
Price Tag  
the Measure  
of Watch Accuracy?

OMEGA holds world's records for accuracy at the world renowned observatories of Geneva, Neuchatel and Kew Teddington.

Yet, Omega is not the world's most expensive watch. In fact, considering its undisputed leadership in the fine watch field, today's Omega Automatic is truly an outstanding value. You can pay more for a watch, if you wish, but you cannot get better quality at any price.

OMEGA

Omega Automatic, 14K gold case,  
18K gold applied figures. Shock-  
resistant, anti-magnetic. \$175  
... Fed. Tax Incl.



IN CHICAGO ...

Just a few  
steps from  
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The world famous HOTEL  
SHERMAN is a step from  
theatres, important office  
buildings, the great Marshall  
Field Department Store and  
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Enjoy Chicago's most  
convenient location plus the  
only "LOOP" HOTEL  
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Home of NBC's "WELCOME TRAVELERS"  
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COLLEGE INN PORTERHOUSE  
for best steaks in town.



WELL OF THE SEA for seafood  
fresh from lakes and seas.

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CHICAGO'S MOST CONVENIENT HOTEL

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Teach Your  
Secretary to  
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ervations to the Hotel New  
Yorker get special attention? If  
you have teletype facilities we  
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Hotel New Yorker  
NEW YORK

Frank L. Andrews, President  
Gene Vout, General Manager

Japan has since 1945 been a regular pur-  
chaser of U.S. coal to the average amount of  
7,000,000 tons yearly . . .

Certainly, Japan cannot forever con-  
tinue to buy from the U.S. unless barriers to  
trade permitting Japan to earn those dollars  
are opened to it.

To sit back smugly as Lewis has done and  
say to buy more from the U.S. without an  
explanation of where the dollars are coming  
from is stupidity in its most lucid form.

W. E. CONNOR

Yotsuya-Tokyo, Japan

Sir:

His logic can only lead to the argu-  
ment that the U.S. should not expect to  
export to other countries any more than it  
is willing to import from them . . . That is  
all that the "trade, not aid" contention is.

DAVID G. PHILLIPS

Chicago

Off the Hook

SIR:

IN RE YOUR DRAMATIC PIECE ON MIRROR'S  
CRIME ACE SID HUGHES HELPING FBI BY LONG  
DISTANCE TELEPHONE [OCT. 5], IT'S PROBABLY  
FIRST TIME IN HISTORY THAT HOT EXCLUSIVE  
STORY COST NEWSPAPER 60,000 CIRCULATION.  
SID'S STORY ACTUALLY BOOSTED OUR NORMAL  
QUARTER MILLION DAILY SALES INSTEAD OF  
DROPPING THEM TO 188,000 WHICH YOU INAD-  
VERTENTLY QUOTED. NOW HUGHES IN NEED OF  
FBI PROTECTION FROM OUR WOUNDED CIRCULA-  
TION AND ADVERTISING DEPARTMENTS. CAN YOU  
GET HIM OFF HOT SEAT?

J. EDWARD MURRAY  
MANAGING EDITOR

THE MIRROR

LOS ANGELES

Grinding Axes & Taxes

Sir:

As an underpaid, overtaxed wage-earner,  
it is difficult to describe my disgust at read-  
ing "A Federal Sales Tax" [Sept. 28].

We pay one sales tax in Arizona, and that's  
one too many . . .

EARL F. CODNER

Tucson, Ariz.

Sir:

A federal sales tax does what its back-  
ers think it will do: it places the burden  
more on the low-income-bracket classes than  
on the higher-income-bracket classes . . .  
The present federal excise tax structure is  
not discriminatory; it puts the burden on  
such articles as are capable of bearing it . . .  
A 10% manufacturers excise tax means a  
10% tax at retail and no act of Congress is  
likely to change that . . .

JOHN PARKANY

Loyola University Graduate School  
Chicago

Sir:

Until about 1912 our Federal Govern-  
ment was supported by a tariff upon imports  
and a tax upon liquor and tobacco products.  
Then a demand suddenly arose to "soak the  
rich"

No one ever suggests that the rich pay  
more toward the support of our commerce  
than those of us in the lower-income groups.

But, as you know, we have countless  
thousands of thoughtless damn fools who  
think that the rich should bear most of the  
tax burden . . .

CHARLES C. KING

Seattle

Sir:

Why not junk the most inequitable  
personal income tax and all the other patch-  
quilt federal taxes and try out a simple 100%  
sales tax at the manufacturers level? This  
would amount to a 50% tax at the retail



*It takes a 10½ pound magnet  
to make a violin sound its sweetest!*

Magnets in violins? Of course not. But magnets—and the best possible, at that—are indispensable to the perfect reproduction of violin, flute, organ, orchestra, voice and other beautiful sounds on your radio or phonograph.

When you hear an artist in recital, his own skill is the only limiting factor to your listening pleasure. But when the same performance comes to you by air-waves or records, it must pass through a maze of acoustical and electronic changes before it emerges again as audible sound. Unpleasant effects are sometimes created—as your own ear has doubtless heard!

To keep reproduction faithful to original is the goal of *High Fidelity* engineer-

ing. Among the world's finest examples of this is Stromberg-Carlson's series of "Custom 400" radios and radio-phonographs. The well-established excellence of this equipment is due to many daring and ingenious innovations... such as the use of an Alnico speaker magnet which weighs 10½ pounds. By contrast, the magnets in ordinary speakers usually average a few ounces! And the magnetizer which energizes this magnet in our factory is one of the largest in the radio world.

Such insistence on perfection has been typical of this company since 1894.

► Interested in fine music reproduction? Why not write for our "SO YOU LIKE GOOD MUSIC" booklet.

STROMBERG-CARLSON ALSO LEADS IN:

Telephone Instruments  
and Central Office  
XY Dial Equipment



Sound and Public  
Address Systems



Office Intercom  
Equipment



Electronic Carillons  
for Churches and  
Public Buildings



"Panoramic Vision"  
TV Receivers



There is nothing finer than a

***Stromberg-Carlson®*** Rochester 3, New York

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# Now! a new world of Musical Magic

New enchantment for family leisure hours  
with

THE  
*Orga-sonic*  
by  
**BALDWIN**  
The new  
spinet organ  
that anyone  
can play



**As modest in price as in the space it requires**

Baldwin's graceful, new Orga-sonic puts a veritable orchestra at your command. Even if you've never played a musical instrument before, you'll find that melodies magically seem to play themselves.

You and every member of your family will thrill to the fun of creating your very own music—will find the Orga-sonic a lifetime source of enjoyment and relaxation. See it today!

*Orga-sonic*

A PRODUCT OF  
THE BALDWIN PIANO COMPANY

BALDWIN PIANO CO.,  
Cincinnati 2, Ohio  
Please send complete information about the  
Orga-sonic.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

MAIL TODAY

BUILDERS OF: BALDWIN GRAND PIANOS • ACROSONIC SPINET PIANOS  
HAMILTON VERTICAL PIANOS • BALDWIN AND ORGA-SONIC ELECTRONIC ORGANS

level and yet would bring in revenues of \$80 billion.

The secret of the tax would be that it would tax . . . everything at the same rate . . . There would be no tax evasion and the Government could fire most of the revenue bureau . . .

WILLIAM L. ROBERTSON

Oreland, Pa.

## In Venezuela

Sir:

The article about Venezuela [Sept. 21] certainly handed me a big laugh.

I have been living and working in Venezuela for over five years, and even though I have what is considered to be a very good position, my salary is certainly a far cry from your "\$1,000 a month is just about a rock-bottom wage."

As for the banks' paying 3% interest on minimum balances . . . cooks earning \$10.50 a day, etc. . . . Some banks do pay 1% interest but that is all. A good cook may earn Bs. 10 or Bs. 12 per day, but since a bolivar is worth about 30¢, you can figure out what her actual earnings are.

Y. M. SIMEONE

Caracas, Venezuela

Sir:

Re your appraisal of Venezuela . . . A glance in another direction for a moment would also disclose that many Americans here with large families sometimes have difficulty in meeting their expenses . . . there is considerable unemployment [among them], with even larger Venezuelan families hovering from day to day around the one member working for one of the foreign oil companies operating in the area. A yet deeper survey would also introduce a few of us who came at the dawn of the present era of activity and who have spent the better part of our lives here . . . None of us are millionaires . . .

PAUL J. GRUBER

Barcelona, Venezuela

## Strictly Legal

Sir:

The least you could do was cut out the "no hunting or fishing" sign in your pic of Ike [Sept. 28]. I would surely hate to see him hauled in before the local magistrate and fined \$10 for every fish.

TIM ABRAHAM

Niles, Ohio

Sir:

I'd like to know if President Eisenhower will be prosecuted or not as a trespasser . . .

ALBERTO LANDESMANN

São Paulo, Brazil

¶ No trespasser was Angler Eisenhower: he was invited to fish the South Platte River on the ranch of a friend, Denver Banker Bal F. Swan.—Ed.

## Muntii

Sir:

. . . Seldom have I heard Nyasa Africans called "niggers" and only occasionally "coons" by Nyasa Europeans [Sept. 14]. Your wording is a slur on both races. The usual is "native," "muntii" (person), "munt" (person abbreviated), though even these are beginning to suffer under the "local" aggravated persecution/inferiority complex so that "African" or "Nyasa" are generally taking their places.

I trust you will keep your implications of "Chiwamba" in mind when you attempt to report what the Nyasa thinks of the Central African Federation . . .

JOHN ALGAR

Mwanga, Tanganyika





# Save

- SAVE ON PICKUP AND DELIVERY
- SAVE ON PACKING WITH NO SIZE OR WEIGHT LIMITS
- SAVE ON CHARGES FOR MULTIPLE-PACKAGE SHIPMENTS
- SAVE ON LIABILITY COVERAGE
- SAVE ON RECEIPT RECORDS
- SAVE ON INVESTMENT WITH "CHARGES COLLECT" SERVICE

*Ask your Expressman about these and other Railway Express services*

## when you ship



THE COMPLETE SHIPPING SERVICE



integrating truck, rail  
and air transportation  
in one swift, sure,  
nationwide service.





## Bright new future for Mary Thunder Bird



**NEW HAPPY HUNTING GROUND** for industry lies along Main Street of the Northwest—where 133 firms located last year. 117 additional acres of NP plant sites are now available in Fargo, North Dakota adjacent to the area shown above. For information on industrial sites and distribution centers anywhere in the Northwest, write J. E. Thames, General Manager Industrial Properties, Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul 1, Minn.

Mary Thunder Bird and her friend Edward Iron Claw are lucky youngsters. They may find a lot more ice cream cones in their future. Their native Northwest—so vast, so rich in resources—is at last coming into its own.

New irrigation projects will soon add some two million acres to Northwest farmland—to fertile fields that already fill Northern Pacific freight cars with bountiful crops of fruit, vegetables and grain. Gigantic dams on the Columbia and Missouri Rivers and their tribu-

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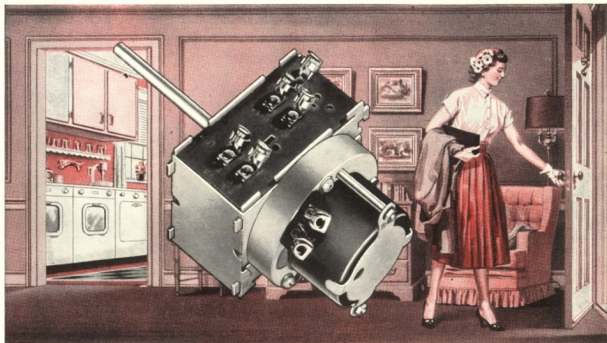
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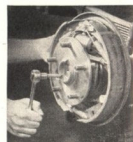
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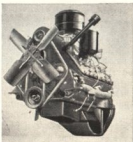
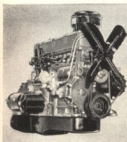
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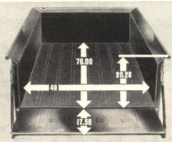


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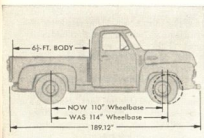
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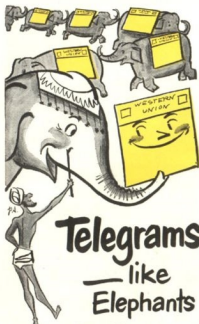
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# WESTERN UNION

## A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

### Dear Time-Reader

This story starts with a young musician who wrote an opera called *Charms for the Savage*. He couldn't get it produced, so he tinkered with it and changed the name to *The Food of Love*. He still couldn't sell it. But a few weeks ago, he did manage to get one of the opera's songs arranged for a CBS symphony presentation. The arrangement was rehearsed, and at the appointed hour, a conductor and full orchestra were ready to go on the air—but only as a "standby" in case an outdoor symphony broadcast from Chicago was rained out. It didn't rain.

This unsuccessful story is about Carter Harman, *TIME*'s music critic and unofficial helicopter expert. These days, as the fall music season starts, he is working double-tempo to cover the concerts, operas and jazz sessions that make news.

Harman learned to play the clarinet when he was nine. He went to a progressive school in New Jersey which had a parents-and-children orchestra.

"My mother took up the cello and my father the French horn to play in the orchestra with me," he says. Later, at Princeton, he majored in music under Roger Sessions, whom he calls "the best composer in the country."

Harman got a music fellowship after graduating in 1940, and stayed on at Princeton. Somewhat to his own surprise, he soon found himself in a civilian pilot training course. "Other guys," he explains, "were taking the course who didn't seem particularly inclined that way either, so I tried it." His teacher, a former truck driver, liked to fly the Waco trainers upside down, and the "first thing I noticed was that my cigarettes in my jacket pocket were falling out and slipping past my face one by one."

After Pearl Harbor, Harman joined the Air Forces, and during training volunteered to fly a then largely untried craft, the helicopter. One trouble with the helicopter was that if, at low speed, the engine failed, the pilot couldn't glide down as a plane pilot could: no one had ever lived through a forced helicopter landing. So most of Harman's early training (at the big Sikorsky plant in Bridgeport, Conn.) was spent studying theoretical techniques for forced landings.

One day Harman and another pilot were flying over the plant area when, at the low level of 200 feet, the engine stopped dead. Obedient to the untested theory they had been taught, and

against all their natural instincts, the two tilted the copter downward and dived it at full speed straight for the ground. It worked: 20 feet from the ground the rotor blades, spun by the dive, acquired enough lift to break the fall. The craft smashed up, but Harman and his friend walked away, "just as the fire engines and ambulances came roaring out to get us."

Later, in Burma, where he served as a squadron commander in Colonel Philip Cochran's famed Air Commando Group, Harman chalked up another first, in helicopter history. He made the world's first military helicopter rescue, bringing out three British soldiers and an American flyer who had crashed in the jungle.

"I guess there are some links between flying and music," says Harman, "sensory things, like the sense of spanning time and space. High in an airplane you feel that you are going very slowly; a scherzo sounds fast, but you know the actual passage of time is really slower."

Harman came to *TIME* after five years as a music critic for the *New York Times*. Among his notable stories: *TIME*'s cover on Rosemary Clooney (Feb. 23). Harman keeps constant watch for new talent, e.g., Concert Pianist

Charles Rosen (Dec. 29), Jazz Pianist Dave Brubeck (Nov. 10). He also spends days in his sound-proofed, hi-fi-equipped office reviewing the most interesting new records. Musician Harman is often hard on Critic Harman, for this reason: "There's often no way to describe music except by music. Words can be fifth-rate. So my problem is to describe the music in terms of the other senses..."

As for his own music, Harman's professional career really started when he was studying at Columbia University after World War II. Columbia's Otto Luening told him, "You've got more in your head than you can write. It's all clogged up. Why don't you only put down the simple things you're sure of?" So Harman wrote some children's songs. They came out on a record entitled *Mary Martin Sings for Children*. It sells well.

He also continues work on his opera, and I am sure it will get a hearing soon. As a matter of fact, Harman's story seems to be a success story after all.

Cordially yours,

*James A. Linen*



CARTER HARMAN  
Scherzos in a helicopter.



A little something between meals ... on the

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The lovely new *Andrea Doria* has been called a floating guide to art by travel writers. And that extends to her great kitchens, too, where the art of flavoring a sauce according to some old world recipe or timing a two-inch steak to perfection, is an epicure's dream come true. For superlative skill blends imperceptibly into art ... and this is the key to a lovely new ship. From Lido decks to your stateroom, she's a blending of new and old, of luxury and art, of technical know-how and rich tradition ... this is the *Andrea Doria*.



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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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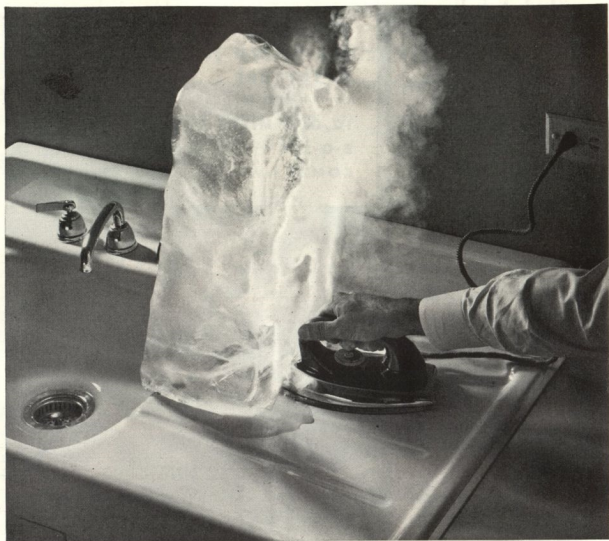
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FROM FREEZING COLD TO SCORCHING HEAT. A hot electric iron was thrust into the base of a cake of ice on this porcelain enamel drainboard. Despite the sudden and severe temperature change, the smooth, flint-hard porcelain enamel finish was not affected in any way.

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This is a tougher "shock test" than your kitchen sink is ever likely to get. It shows how a porcelain enamel finish can take quick temperature changes without damage—won't burn, blister or discolor.

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For the long-lasting beauty you want in your home, make sure you select products with this lifetime finish. Remember, porcelain enamel is not a paint. It is made of rock-like minerals and is bonded to the base metal at temperatures that would burn any other protective coating to a crisp.

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## The Frightened Bachelor!

### A Mr. Friendly Story

Dick Dolling had an odd reason for staying extremely single—he was afraid of happiness.

He said, "If I marry Penny Glitch, the Girl O' My Dreams, we'll live joyously in a mortgage-covered cottage!

"We'll have lots of little Dollings and life will be generally the nuts . . . then suddenly tragedy will strike!

"The baby will fall from a window. They always do. Someone's bound to get burnt or bust an arm. Penny will crack up the car and we'll be sued for every cent we have."

He sighed . . . "I can't risk blighted bliss, believe me. Better to be moderately miserable all the time."

Mr. Friendly pointed out that American Mutual's Institute for Safer Living specialized in helping families to remain blissfully undamaged. And they'd be happy to send him the latest information on home safety.\*

If accidents should happen, an American

Mutual policy would wrap up doctor bills, damage bills and law suits and whisk them away.

Well, this sold Dick so completely on marriage, he got married *seven times!*

"More families," he said enthusiastically, "ought to enjoy American Mutual's complete protection."

**\*A FRIENDLY OFFER:** For 15¢, to cover cost of mailing, we'll gladly send you a 50¢ fully illustrated guide to home safety. Based on a study of nearly 5000 accidents by our Institute for Safer Living, this new issue of "WATCH" gives you important information. Write: Dept. D-138, American Mutual Liability Insurance Co., 142 Berkeley St., Boston 16, Massachusetts.

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**THAT'S HOW WE FIT** into the Bell System. We do our job well—and that's one reason why telephone service has gone up *so much less* in price than other things you buy.

**Western Electric**



A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882



## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

## THE NATION

## The Trapeze

Said the President of the U.S.: "The Soviets now possess a stockpile of atomic weapons of conventional types and we must furthermore conclude that the powerful explosion of August 12th last was produced by a weapon, or a forerunner of a weapon, of power far in excess of conventional types."

"We therefore conclude that the Soviets now have the capability of atomic attacks on us, and such capability will increase with the passage of time."

**Without a Net.** With this statement last week President Eisenhower recorded the entry of the U.S. into a new phase of its history. From the beginning, U.S. foreign policy was conducted with a kind of circus net under it: the worst that could happen did not include wholesale devastation of the country by an enemy. The British, controlling the seas, could blockade and raid the coast (as they did in the War of 1812), but distance prevented any European enemy from dreaming of forcing a decision on the U.S. by sending major forces to this country. As technology narrowed the distance, lessening its protective value, U.S. strength was rising. The worst that the U.S. faced in World War II was the possibility that Europe and Asia, in the hands of its enemies, would be able slowly to weaken the U.S., or to force it to fight without allies on distant and unfavorable battlefields.

That has changed. The U.S. now faces

the kind of threat of major devastation which for centuries has hung over Poland and France. Eisenhower knows himself to be the first President without a net under policy.

There is another change, corollary of the first: President Truman had open to him a course of action not open to Eisenhower. If the international situation degenerated too far, Truman could have threatened the Soviet Union with atomic war, forcing a showdown that might have included atomic disarmament and/or control. Eisenhower cannot do this because a U.S. threat of atomic attack can now be met by a Soviet atomic counterthreat.

**Atom-Shaped.** The President in his last week's statement went on to say: "It is my hope, my earnest prayer, that this country will never again be engaged in war." This hope, which has a meaning of urgency new to Americans, rests in practice upon two pillars: 1) U.S. defense policy and 2) U.S. foreign policy.

Defense policy (*see below*) will have to be recast, shaped around the atom—the U.S. atom and the Russian atom.

But the atom, without which the U.S. would be lost, cannot alone save the nation from the Russian atom. The immediate emphasis must fall on foreign policy, which includes the strengthening of alliances, and the construction, through U.N. and otherwise, of institutions fostering international peace and justice.

The decisions of foreign policy are not easy. Last week, after eight years of procrastination, the U.S. and Britain came to a decision on the Trieste issue (*see*

INTERNATIONAL). It may be hard, in the face of Tito's bluster, to make the Trieste verdict stick. But on this and a thousand other points, the danger is too great for continued vacillation. With no net below, the trapeze requires caution, but it also requires an alert eye and a quick, unflinching hand.

## THE ATOM

## The Ditherers

The President's statement (*see above*) was occasioned by an outbreak of atomic dithering among some top Government officials.

On the one hand, Defense Mobilizer Arthur S. Flemming said flatly in his quarterly report: "Soviet Russia is capable of delivering the most destructive weapon ever devised by man on chosen targets in the U.S." But Secretary of Defense Wilson, at his press conference, cast doubt on a suggestion that the Russians had a thermonuclear bomb "in droppable form." He added: "It may be that within a year they could drop a bomb, but they couldn't wage a war."

Civil Defense Administrator Val Peterson assured the U.S. public that the Russians do not yet have a super-bomb—just a "thermonuclear device." But he later expressed his belief that war is inevitable, anyway. Said Peterson: "The weight of human nature and human experience runs contrary to the hope of a peaceful settlement."

New York's Representative W. Sterling Cole, chairman of the Joint Congressional



FLEMMING



COLE



STRAUSS



WILSON

Walter Bennett

In a week of confusion and contradiction, one bore calmly his awful responsibility.

Committee on Atomic Energy, countered that, by his information, the Russians had a thermonuclear bomb all ready for delivery. Cole, a conservative Republican, believes that the alarming extent of Russian atomic power must now outweigh all considerations of balancing the budget. "I don't find it hard," said Cole, "to choose between financial ruination for my country and atomic devastation." His recommendation: \$10 billion more a year for air defense.

This week of confusion and contradiction, about a matter of such primary importance, put the Eisenhower Administration in its worst light to date. Only the President could halt the hand-wringing with an authoritative summary of the U.S.-Russian atomic position. He tried to prevent a repetition of it by ordering all Administration officials to clear all future statements on the subject with Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Lewis Strauss, who knows what he is talking about and who bears his awful responsibility without jitters.

## DEFENSE

### New Look?

The Joint Chiefs of Staff, in preparation for the Defense Department's 1955 budget last week, forwarded their estimates on what kind of armed forces the U.S. should have. The Chiefs' "new look" at U.S. military strength had received considerable advance publicity, but, for a country faced with a startling change in its enemy's striking power, last week's new look was remarkably unaltered.

There was the same big Army (26 divisions manned by 1,400,000 men). There was the same big Navy (including four battleships among its 408 combatant ships). There was a slight increase in Air Force strength—the 1955 goal for the Air Force, deeply cut in the 1954 budget, was raised from 110 to 120 wings.

Both Secretary Wilson and Admiral Arthur W. Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, conceded that their new look delivered last week was only a quick look, and a temporary one. Obviously, the armed forces must soon be altered drastically, to fit a changing concept of war, and the changed military situation of the U.S. The Chiefs cannot do this on their own authority. Switching armaments is expensive in the short run, even though an armed force redesigned to fight atomic wars may not turn out to be more expensive than the one the U.S. has now. (Example: while the U.S. may need to spend more money on atomic submarines, it may effect considerable savings on battleships, which seem to be more irrelevant than ever.)

Only President Eisenhower can take the essential step in a policy decision to recast the U.S. armed forces to meet their new challenge. Lately, he has been spending about half his time considering a drastic change in the weapons and the nature of the U.S. armed forces. The new look will come next year.



© Philippe Halmon

CHAIRMAN RADFORD  
Toward a changing concept of war.

## THE PRESIDENCY

### Fencing Lesson

As Dwight Eisenhower marked his 63rd birthday this week, he was still suffering from a stiff elbow and a mild touch of flu, but generally he was in good health. At his press conference the President showed a new capability for fencing with the press. In conferences past, Eisenhower has almost always given straightforward answers to every question—even those questions he was unready to answer. Last week, the President adopted new tactics. Samples:

¶ On balancing the budget: with any Administration that believes, as his does,



United Press

DEMOCRAT EDWARDS  
Like a rushing mountain torrent.

that the soundness of the money must be assured, balancing the budget will always remain a goal. But he does not say, the President added, that the budget is going to be balanced on June or July 1, 1955.

¶ On the possibility of a nonaggression pact with Russia, and the report that Adlai Stevenson had brought him a personal appeal from Winston Churchill for a top-level international conference: the possibility of a pact was being studied, said the President; yes, he added, inscrutably, he had received personal greetings from an old friend.

In welcoming the American Council on Education's convention to Washington, the President made a succinct point with a personal anecdote: "I have never forgotten my shock, once, when I saw a very modern-looking village deserted in a far corner of Africa. It had been deserted because the builders put running water into all the houses. The women rebelled because there was now taken away from them their only excuse for social contact with their own kind, at the village well. I had been guilty of the very great error of putting into their minds and hearts the same aspirations that I had. And it simply wasn't so."

Last week the President also:

¶ Ordered the Civil Service Commission to seek new jobs for all Government careerists who have been displaced by the Administration's sweeping reductions-in-force.

¶ Announced he would make a three-day good-will trip to Canada next month.

¶ Made final plans for his whirlwind speechmaking flight, this week, to six states and to Mexico.

## DEMOCRATS

### Up Anchor

For the past eight years, no gathering of top Democratic politicians has been complete without the formidable India Edwards, the party's director of women's activities and insistent crusader for more women in good political jobs. At the national convention in Chicago last year, she berated the restive delegates for being "extremely rude" to speakers, and then she seized the chairman's gavel and banged the hall into silence when the buzz of conversation began to drown out her own speech. Some Democrats had a name for her indomitable India: "The Tugboat Annie of politics."

Last week India resigned as the party's women's director. She wrote a "Dear Steve" letter of resignation to Democratic National Chairman Stephen Mitchell, who expressed the proper regrets in a "Dear India" reply. The cordiality shown in their exchange was only letter-deep. Old Pro India had always considered Political Amateur Mitchell naive and impractical. When Mitchell set out to "integrate" the women's division into the general national committee organization, India was sure that he was trying to get rid of her. At first, she thought she could outlast him. But Amateur Mitchell turned out to have

considerable staying powers of his own. After he consolidated his position and erased the last traces of the women's division at the Democrats' big rally in Chicago last month, she decided she would have to go.

Last week Mrs. Katie Loucheim, the bouncy wife of a Washington financial consultant, took over India's job, which is less important than it was before integration. This week India and her husband, Herbert Edwards, were heading for California, where they will rest, visit relatives and decide where to settle. India, 38, said she really quit for her husband's sake. Herbert is a quiet, patient man who, to please India, changed his politics (from Republican to Democratic), his religion (from Episcopal to Presbyterian), and his name (from Threlkeld-Edwards to Edwards). India thought the hyphen was "ridiculous". He had quit his job at the State Department last April, and he wanted to leave Washington.

Just how much resting energetic India will do is in doubt. Still vice chairman of the National Committee, she has five speaking engagements on her way to the coast, and as Husband Herbert (her third) once said: "She is a rushing mountain torrent. She's so intense that when she has to rest, she wears herself out with the intensity of resting."

## THE ADMINISTRATION

### Thick Hide, Good Heart

In choosing their Secretaries of Labor, Republican Presidents have followed Woodrow Wilson's precedent by appointing union men, while Democratic Presidents have chosen nonunion men.\* When he selected his Secretary of Labor last December, Dwight Eisenhower tried the Republican way, named Martin Durkin, president of the A.F.L.'s plumbers and pipefitters union. It did not work. Durkin, angry because his proposals for amending the Taft-Hartley law had been stalled, quit last month.

Last week President Eisenhower turned his back on the G.O.P. pattern. He appointed a nonunion man, James P. Mitchell, to succeed Durkin. Mitchell, on leave from his job as vice president in charge of personnel and service at Manhattan's Bloomingdale's, has been the Army's assistant secretary for manpower and reserve forces since last April. Big (6 ft., 205 lbs.) Jim Mitchell has spent most of his life in labor relations, has ironed out serious labor and personnel problems at two of the nation's biggest department stores (see box). Said C.I.O. President Walter Reuther: "Mr. Mitchell enjoys a

\* As the first Secretary of Labor, Wilson named William B. Wilson (no kin), who had been secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers. Warren Harding appointed James J. ("Puddler Jim") Davis, who had been president of an Iron, Steel & Tin Workers local. Herbert Hoover named William N. Doak, who had been vice president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. Franklin Roosevelt appointed Frances Perkins, and Harry Truman chose Lewis Schwellensbach and Maurice Tobin.

good reputation among the labor people who have dealt with him." Said a presidential aide: "Besides his other qualifications, he has two more I think will help: a thick hide and a good heart."

## Dollar Diplomacy

Scott McLeod, the State Department's chief of security, is a man of action. When Secretary of State John Foster Dulles asked his lieutenants to "act as forceful salesmen" in collecting contributions for the Washington Community Chest, Salesman McLeod reacted with characteristic forcefulness. Last week orders went down to the 1,142 employees of his Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs that everyone must either make a voluntary contribution to the chest or explain personally to McLeod. The word soon reached the Community Chest's Director Edward J. Keyes, who reacted with shocked surprise. He deplored McLeod's "excessive zeal," and added that "we do not approve of [this] kind of coercion." McLeod refused to explain personally to the press, but sent word through a spokesman that no coercion was intended: he was just so anxious to make a 100% showing that he wanted

to see all non-contributors and "lend them a dollar" if necessary. This week bureau employees, fully aware of McLeod's zeal in firing department personnel, were well on their way to a 100% showing.

## SEQUELS

### Zeros with Numbers

After Roy Cohn and G. David Schine made their cyclonic 17-day tour of Europe last April (TIME, April 20), Cohn said the trip had cost Joe McCarthy's Senate Investigations Subcommittee "zero." Last week Foreign Operations Administrator Harold Stassen revealed that the U.S. Government paid out more than one zero, with numbers attached, for the junket. Stassen said McCarthyism Cohn & Schine drew \$74 a day each for personal expenses during their travels. That brought the Cohn-Schine personal expense accounts to a total of \$2,540, plus free air transportation that would have cost paying customers an estimated \$6,000. Announced purpose of the 17-day tour: to investigate security violations, mismanagement and waste in U.S. Government operations abroad.

## JAMES PAUL MITCHELL, SECRETARY OF LABOR

**Early Years:** Born Nov. 12, 1909, in Elizabeth, N.J. His father, Peter J. Mitchell, was editor of a funeral directors' trade journal. His mother, Anna Driscoll Mitchell, now 74, is still living in Elizabeth. Cinemator Thomas (*High Noon*) Mitchell is his uncle. Graduated from Elizabeth's Battin High School in 1927, could not afford to go to college, got a job in a grocery store.

**Career:** After two years as a grocery clerk, Mitchell opened his own butter and egg store, went bankrupt four years later. In 1929 he went to work as a clerk in the Western Electric Co. plant at Kearny, N.J., lost the job in a 1932 Depression layoff. The Depression brought him his first public job, as director of the Emergency Relief Administration in New Jersey's Union County. In 1936 he returned to Western Electric as a clerk, but soon moved on to personnel training. Two years later Lieut. Colonel Brehon Somervell, then New York administrator of the Works Progress Administration, hired him as labor-relations adviser. He managed to keep the New York WPA going despite the trouble caused by strike-happy, left-wing factions among WPA workers. Somervell took him to Washington in 1941, put him in charge of labor relations for the Army's construction program. Mitchell soon became director of the War Department's industrial personnel division, with responsibility for the labor and manpower problems involving nearly a million war-production workers. One of his Washington associates was John O'Gara, then vice president of Macy's New York City store, who said he would top any offer to get Mitchell for Macy's. In 1945 Mitchell became Macy's labor-relations expert, was soon promoted to director of personnel and industrial relations. He moved to Bloomingdale's in 1947, became vice president in charge of personnel and service at a salary of about \$50,000 a year. His success as a labor-relations expert attracted the attention of New York Governor Thomas E. Dewey, whose forces pushed hard to make him Secretary of Labor.

**Family:** In 1923 he married Isabelle Nulton of Roselle Park, N.J. They have a daughter Elizabeth, 13. The family home is in Spring Lake, N.J.

**Personality & Point of View:** A quiet, practical, genial Irish Catholic with deep-set blue eyes, a massive, laugh-creaked face, huge shoulders and bristling hair. A Republican, he has never been active in politics. An expert in getting opposing forces together, he is considered shrewd by management and fair by labor. Bloomingdale employees honored him by waiving a no-executive rule to permit him to join their deep-sea fishing club. Never a labor-union member, he has never stated his views on the Taft-Hartley law in public. He once told an employer organization: "Unions can become our partners in this search for increased productivity and improved morale."



Associated Press  
MITCHELL

## POST OFFICE

### Wrong Address

Until last week, executives of Reo Motors, Inc. of Lansing, Mich. thought that the U.S. Post Office Department was going to advertise their trucks as openly as Songwriters Vincent Bryan and Gus Edwards once publicized the Oldsmobile.\* The design for a special commemorative stamp, planned to memorialize the 50th



THE TRUCK STAMP (UNCORRECTED)  
An automobubble burst.

anniversary of the U.S. trucking industry, turned out to feature the modified but unmistakable outlines of a Reo truck, 1949 model, driven by a smiling trucker.

The Reo company found out about its distinction when proofs of the proposed stamp were sent around to manufacturers. So did Detroit newspapermen, and so did Reo's competitors. When reporters made inquiries at the Post Office Department, Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield promised them that he would take a second look at the design.

Last week Postmaster Summerfield, an old Chevrolet dealer, ordered a quick design change in the truck on the stamp (happily, no stamps had yet been printed). The new truck: "A composite."

## OPINION

### The Good Investigator

Like his fellow educators, Dr. Buell G. Gallagher, 49, president of the City College of New York, has had to contend with wild and sweeping accusations from Congressmen and others that U.S. school and college faculties are riddled with Communists. But last week, speaking to the Atlantic City assembly of the United Church Women he cautioned his colleagues not to dismiss every accusation as wild, sweeping and groundless. This, he said, is to use the same "smear" tactics they condemn in their enemies.

Gallagher's example of an honest investigator is Indiana's Senator William E. Jenner, head of the Senate's Subcommittee on Internal Security. Said Educator Gallagher: "[Jenner] has thus far adhered to democratic procedures in seeking to uncover Communism. He has shown a meticulous regard for the rights of the innocent and has preserved the anonym-

\* In their song, written in 1905, which begins:

*Come away with me, Lucille,  
In my merry Oldsmobile,  
Down the roads of life we'll fly,  
Automobubbling you and I.*

ity of many persons interrogated in closed session, but found not to be subversive."

"Certain other" committees, Gallagher added, "do not have full regard for the truth and hide the subversive effect of their own unsubstantiated attacks on education and religious freedom." But this is no reason, said Gallagher, for harassed educators to tar Jenner's committee with the dirty brush used to counterattack Joe McCarthy. He concluded: "Where we find honesty and integrity coupled with high principles and sound operations, with an absence of headline-seeking and a genuine desire to strengthen free institutions, let us say so."

### Nationalization? No!

*Do you think the U.S. Government should or should not own the Banks? Railroads? Coal mines?*

After putting that question to "a typical cross section of voters across the country," the Gallup poll announced this week that pro-nationalization sentiment in the U.S. is weaker today than at any time since the poll began making surveys on the subject back in 1936. Percentages favoring Government ownership:

	Banks	Railroads	Coal Mines
1936	36%	30%	27%
1945	27%	24%	29%
1949	22%	22%	25%
1953	14%	14%	15%

Democrats like nationalization better than Republicans do. But a European would be astonished to learn how small the difference is; e.g., 16% of Democrats think the Government should own the coal mines, 12% of Republicans.

Education and occupation make a considerable difference. Nationalization has less appeal for those who went to college than for those who did not. Percentages favoring coal-mine nationalization: college, 10%; high school, 13%; grade school, 20%. White-collar workers favor Government ownership less than farmers do; farmers less than manual workers.

### Sail On?

Discussing Dr. Ernest Jones's biography of Psychiatrist Sigmund Freud (see Books), Critic Lionel Trilling, writing in the *New York Times* this week, expressed a thought for Columbus Day. Said Trilling: "[Freud] lived by the inner light; he saw life under the aspect of personal heroism and believed that virtue consisted in making truth prevail against the resistance of society . . . Such a personality makes but a limited appeal to our increasingly 'other-directed' society with its ideal of blandness and cooperation and its suspiciousness of personal pre-eminence and self-assertion . . . A few years ago, a hostile biographer . . . made it a chief part of her indictment of Freud that he actually believed that his ideas were right, that he sought to make them prevail, that he did not gracefully compound his differences with the men who modified his theories. Our culture would

seem to have changed since the days when schoolchildren were taught that for Columbus to say, 'Sail on! Sail on!' was brave and fine, not ill-natured and undemocratic."

## CITIES

### The Barker

In Dallas one day last week a sharply tailored old man climbed into a custom-built beige Chrysler, and headed through the wahooping streets to the fair grounds. There, with a minimum of speechifying, Bob Thornton, 73, snipped a ribbon with a pair of diamond-studded shears and proclaimed the opening of the 1953 State Fair—the biggest in Texas and therefore, in Texan logic, the biggest in the world. Then, as the calliope tuned up and the first of more than two million fair-goers poured down the midway, Thornton turned sadly back to the city and the unfinished business of being mayor of Dallas.

For Mayor Bob, the State Fair is the high point of the year. In 1904, as a raw youth from Texas' back prairie, he went to St. Louis to see the World's Fair, and lost all his money matching pennies with a "very agreeable fellow who said he was a Texan, too, from Amarillo." Ever since, Bob has had a hopeless affair with fairs and carnivals, and today he is the best barker Dallas ever had, and one of the best in the awesome tent show of Texas.

**Sell That City.** After a shaky career as farm hand, clerk, traveling salesman and partner in a bookstore, Thornton settled down in a mortgage business in an office over a Dallas cigar store. The business grew into the present Mercantile National Bank, one of Dallas' Big Three. Although Bob became a bank president and a local big shot, he made his reputation as a suppersalesman. "Everybody's got to sell," he says. "Preacher's got to sell his sermon.



THORNTON & MERMAN IN DALLAS  
A love affair with a town.



# THE CASE AGAINST RED CHINA

Mailed from Washington last week to individuals and organizations all over the U.S. were thousands of mimeographed requests for signatures on a petition addressed to the President of the U.S. The petition's seven sponsors made an impressive list of American leaders from both parties: ex-President Herbert Hoover, ex-Ambassador (to Japan) Joseph C. Grew, ex-Governor (N.J.) Charles Edison, Republican Senator (N.J.) H. Alexander Smith, Democratic Senator (Ala.) John Sparkman, Republican Representative (Minn.) Walter H. Judd, Democratic Representative (Mass.) John W. McCormack. The petition:

Dear Mr. President:

We hereby express our opposition to the admission of the so-called Chinese People's Republic to the United Nations for the following reasons:

1) This admission would destroy the purposes, betray the letter, and violate the spirit of the law of the United Nations, whose charter dedicates the organization to insure peace by promoting freedom and respect of human rights, and subordinates the admission of new states to the organization to their ability and willingness, in the judgment of the member nations, to carry out the obligations to the charter as defined above. The so-called Chinese People's Republic is constitutionally unable to do so since it officially declares itself to be a "dictatorship" based on "democratic centralism" (Articles I and II of the Organic Law of the Central Government of the Chinese People's Republic). This is the basic principle of Communist totalitarianism and excludes freedom of discussion or criticism of government, that is, it excludes freedom and democracy altogether.

2) Even if the so-called Chinese People's Republic were eligible for admission under the charter, the fact still remains that the duly constituted government of China exists and functions not only as the rightful government of China but as a charter member of the United Nations. In order to give membership to the usurpers, the legitimate government of China would have to be expelled. Such action would be an unthinkable outrage against human decency and international justice.

3) The so-called Chinese People's Republic has shown its unwillingness to carry out the obligations of the charter by

systematically disregarding every human right and violating every freedom.

4) By aiding in aggression upon South Korea and making war on the United Nations, it has proved itself an aggressor state.

5) Its admission would destroy the prestige and the position of the United States and of the free world in Asia. The countries of that continent which still resist Communist aggression or infiltration would be discouraged by the cynical surrender of the free world to expediency and appeasement and the betrayal of the ideals of the United Nations. The Asian nations, in turn, would then make fatal compromises with the Communist bloc.

6) The so-called Chinese People's Republic violated the most elemental laws of war in mistreating, torturing, and murdering United Nations soldiers who were prisoners of war, in an unlawful war which they waged against the very organization in which their supporters now claim membership for them.

7) At a time when Communist dictatorship seems to be badly shaken inside the U.S.S.R. and in its satellite empire, the admission of the so-called Chinese People's Republic to the United Nations would restore the prestige and authority of the Soviet government. It would help to destroy the hope of the enslaved peoples for ultimate freedom. This hope is one of the chief deterrents which has restrained the Kremlin from risking a worldwide conflict.

8) The admission of the so-called Chinese People's Republic to the United Nations would encourage subversive totalitarian movements in the free nations of the world in the expectation that their success would be sanctioned by the Free Nations which still survive. Thus the danger of a new war would be vastly increased by the rewards offered to aggressors.

Therefore, the undersigned Americans respectfully request the President of the United States to defend the freedom and the decency of the free world by continuing to firmly oppose the admission of the present so-called Chinese People's Republic to the United Nations. They express the wish that their petition be communicated to the United Nations and the hope that their appeal for peace and freedom will be heard and supported by all freedom-loving peoples over the world.

butcher's got to sell his beefsteak." And Thornton had to tell Dallas.

For 30 years, Banker Thornton has boosted Dallas with the fervor of a man in love. In 1935, as president of the Chamber of Commerce, he persuaded the legislature that Dallas, by virtue of its progressive spirit and convenient location, was the right site for the Texas Centennial—although both San Antonio and Houston had better historical claims. The Centennial—in Dallas—was a stampeding eyecatcher, and it was only natural, afterwards, that Thornton should turn his attention to the creaking old State Fair.

**No Rats in a Tub.** Booster Bob built the fair up to Texas-style proportions, too, with everything from prize Herefords and mohair goats to Ethel Merman and Mary Martin. He enlarged the Cotton Bowl, wooed out-of-state industries and raised prodigious amounts of money for the Dallas Symphony.<sup>26</sup> An effortless

worker, he delegates authority freely, but expects his associates to be always on the ready line ("If it's gonna be a do meeting, O.K. If you're gonna run around like rats in a tub, I don't want any part of it"). No one goes to a meeting with Thornton without being well-prepared.

Last spring Dallas gave the old man its highest honor, named him mayor (TIME, April 20). The city has had no cause to regret its choice. Thornton is a shrewd, indefatigable administrator who runs Dallas as he has promoted Dallas, with rambunctious enthusiasm and complete faith in the city's destiny. In six months he has won the unanimous, misty-eyed loyalty of the city council (rare in Dallas). Said Councilman Arthur Kramer Jr. last week: "He thinks and talks about Dallas all the time, never about himself. The rest of us think we're being pretty daring if we think in terms of a Dallas of 1,000,000 population. He's thinking of a Dallas of 2,000,000 people, and he approaches any problem with that in mind, whether it's streets, sewers, water supply or whatever. He says 'We think big, and we've got a taste for the best.' And he pulls you right along with him."

## OHIO

### Taft's Successor

Ohio's Governor Frank Lausche this week appointed a new U.S. Senator to succeed Robert A. Taft. He named his old friend and protégé, Cleveland's Mayor Thomas A. (for nothing) Burke. A quiet, round-faced lawyer, 54-year-old Tom Burke has been in public office during much of his life. In 1941 Lausche, then mayor, appointed him Cleveland's law director, the No. 2 position in the city government. He became Lausche's right-hand man, stepped up to the Mayor's chair in 1945, after Lausche was elected governor. Burke, popular and able, has been mayor ever since, winning four elections to two-year terms. Last month, in Montreal, Burke was elected president of the U.S. Conference of Mayors (succeeding Chicago's Mayor Martin H. Kennelly).

A Roman Catholic and a Democrat, almost as independent politically as Lausche, Burke would be a formidable candidate for either Senator or Governor next year. Lausche pointedly commented that he did not expect Burke to "upset" Republican control of Senate committees,

<sup>26</sup> He would do most anything, Thornton said, to give Dallas the best "band" possible, but he'd be danged if he'd listen to it. On the bank's 33rd birthday, the symphony sent a string ensemble down to play Bob's favorite piece, *Birmingham Jail*.

## CRIME

### A Man with Soft Hands

After midnight, two FBI agents slipped into the backyard of a trim white bungalow on the outskirts of St. Joseph, Mo., tried the locked doors of the darkened house, inspected the yard until their flashlights' beams came to a cluster of wilting yellow chrysanthemums by the back porch. Shoveling the flowers aside, the agents started digging. As the sun came up, they stopped and waited until a workman, Claude James, came along the street. They gave him a job: digging for the body of six-year-old Bobby Greenlease, murdered by kidnapers who had planted the chrysanthemums over his grave.

It took a long time. By 10 o'clock,

mentally deficient older brother who died at five in a mental institution, sent there because "the folks didn't want Carl brought up around him." But as a boy, Carl himself was always in trouble, always trying to cheat someone, always bragging about how he would one day make big money without working. When he was eleven, his mother, trying to keep him busy and out of scrapes, paid the local telephone company to hire him as a line-man's helper. The experiment failed, and Carl was shipped away to Kemper Military School at Boonville, Mo. When he got into more trouble, his mother pushed him into the Marine Corps. He went AWOL, explaining later: "I'd rather be in jail than in the Marines."

His parents dead, Carl Hall went back

In 1952, he went to the Missouri penitentiary for robbery.

In prison, he wangled a soft job on the hospital detail. He remembered a Kemper schoolmate, Paul Greenlease, foster brother of Bobby. The Greenlease family was rich, Hall knew. His plans began to take shape. He was paroled last April, after serving only 14 months of a five-year term. He got and lost a job as an auto salesman, and then told the parole office, to which he reported regularly, that he was working for an insurance company. This was a lie, detectable by a telephone call, but Hall was not caught in it.

**A Changed Woman.** Last July, in a tavern in St. Joseph, 50 miles north of Kansas City, Hall met puff, whisky-soaked Bonnie Brown Heady, 41. People around Nowaday County, Mo. remembered Mrs. Heady as a pigtailed little girl on a dappled pony given her by her father, a prosperous farmer. In St. Joe, she had been known for 20 years as the attractive wife of a livestock broker, with whom she attended square dances and club meetings. A year ago, her personality seemed to change. She divorced her husband. She took to swilling a quart of liquor a day and arriving drunk at the shows where her boxer dogs were being exhibited.

Although she had an income from an \$85,000 farm left by her father, she became a prostitute, picking up men in bars, giving \$2 apiece to cab drivers who brought customers to her. She charged \$20 a night. Neighbors complained of wild parties in her home. Several months ago, in a drunken scuffle, she shot a traveling salesman in the wrist; he declined to prosecute. Bonnie Heady was just the girl for Carl Hall. He moved in with her.

Last month Mrs. Heady went to Kansas City's French Institute of Notre Dame de Sion, where little Bobby Greenlease was in the first grade, and tricked a nun into letting the boy go with her (TIME, Oct. 12). She took Bobby to Hall, who was waiting several blocks away in her station wagon. Then, according to her original story to police, she went shopping, returned to drive with Hall to St. Joe and noticed a large bundle under a blanket on the vehicle floor; Hall told her it was "dog food."

**Special Delivery.** Mrs. Heady told police that she had known nothing about the killing, and Hall, with an alien twist of chivalry, backed her up. But Mrs. Heady's fingerprints were plastered all over a special-delivery ransom note sent the afternoon of the kidnaping to Bobby's father, Robert C. Greenlease, a General Motors distributor in Kansas City.

In a childish scrawl—police thought at first Bobby had written it—a demand was made for \$600,000 in \$10 and \$20 bills. When the money was ready (it had to be drawn from all twelve Federal Reserve Bank districts), the Greenleases were to

\* Mistakenly identified by the FBI as a gun moll of the same name, who in 1935 slipped a pistol through the bars of her desperado husband's cell, thereby aiding in his break from the Muskogee, Okla. jail.



KIDNAPERS HEADY & HALL

Before they got the boy, they dug his grave.

neighbors clung to telephone poles and tree limbs, stood on ladders and clambered to rooftops to peer over a dense honeysuckle hedge into the yard. At noon, having dug out 3 ft. of dirt and a foot of quicklime, James stepped back with a sick sigh. A pair of undertakers, their pants legs rolled up, got down into the grave and lifted out a blue plastic bag. Inside was the fully clothed body of Bobby Greenlease. He had been shot once through the head, from behind.

The FBI had been told where to find Bobby. Their informant: the kidnap leader. He was Carl Austin Hall, 34, a thief, an alcoholic and a morphine addict (one-half grain every six hours). His past was odd and ugly.

"I'd Rather Be in Jail." Around Pleasanton, Kans. (pop. 1,200), Hall's father was regarded as a fine lawyer but a hard man who once exacted as his fee in a homicide case his acquitted client's whole 600-acre farm. Carl Austin Hall had a

to Pleasanton to receive a \$200,000 inheritance which included a large home and 1,170 acres of fertile Missouri and Kansas farm land. He sold the family property as fast as possible. "Sentiment," said he, "don't mean a damn thing to me." Pleasanton was too small for Carl Hall. "People got their noses up at me," he complained. "They're jealous because I got money. I'll show 'em how money and brains can really get goin'."

With that, he went off with the wife of a Pleasanton businessman and took her to Kansas City, where, after her divorce, he married her. He used to come back to Pleasanton in a Cadillac convertible with men whom he fatuously introduced as "my broker" and "my lawyer." During the next four years, he lost money playing the stock market, in liquor-store ventures and in an airplane crop-dusting business. He drank and gambled. His wife left him. He turned to passing bad checks in hospitals, and then to holding up cab drivers.

put a classified ad in the Kansas City *Star*, saying: "M. Will meet you in Chicago Sunday, G." At Kansas City's Commerce Trust Co., Arthur B. Eisenhower, executive vice president of the bank and President Eisenhower's brother, set 80 clerks to work assembling the 40,000 pieces of currency. Stuffed into an Army duffel bag, the money weighed 85 lbs.

To the Greenleases came another note, enclosing Bobby's Maltese cross school pin as proof that the family was dealing with the real kidnapers. After that, Hall called the family by telephone. He sounded sober, speaking in a low but brisk tone, introducing himself each time as "M." From Kansas City pay stations, he sometimes talked for as long as ten minutes. To find out if her son was still alive, Mrs. Greenlease one night talked to him directly and requested Hall to ask Bobby two questions: What was the name of the Greenlease driver in Europe last summer? What did Bobby do his last night at home? (Answer: he built an Eiffel tower with blocks.) Hall told her he would try to get replies from Bobby, later said he could not because the boy would not "cooperate." Those in the Greenlease home, knowing something of the history of child kidnappings, feared from the first that the boy was dead. After Mrs. Greenlease's failure to get answers, they were even more fearful. But they acted on the slim hope that they were wrong.

**Receipt Delayed.** Robert Ledterman and Norbert O'Neill, business associates of Bobby's father, made two abortive efforts to deliver the ransom to Hall. The first time his instructions were too confused to follow. Next, the cash-filled duffel bag was dropped off in a rural spot, but Hall telephoned to say that he had not found it. Ledterman and O'Neill went back and retrieved it.

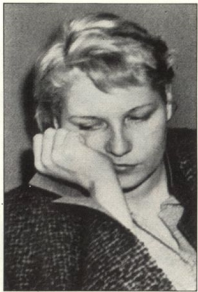
"Our third call," Ledterman said, "came early one morning. The caller said another call would be made to us at 11 a.m. At that hour, I was told another call would be made at 8 o'clock that night. At 8, the same man called and instructed me to go to a certain telephone booth in a hotel to await another call. At 11:30 o'clock that night, the call came in. The man was very jittery. He told me where to go and deposit the money."

Thirty-five minutes later, Ledterman and O'Neill left the duffel bag at the end of a highway bridge in a heavily wooded area ten miles east of Kansas City. They drove away. Carl Hall scrambled up from a hiding place under the bridge. He put the bag in the station wagon parked in a thicket near by. Bonnie Heady, he said later, was sprawled "in an alcoholic stupor" in the car. Hall did not wait round to count the money—three times larger than any ransom ever paid in the U.S. He never did get around to counting it.

**Conclusion Foregone.** So far, Hall had kept enough control of himself to carry out his complicated plan. Now, with achievement, his character betrayed him. He and Bonnie drove 240 miles east to St. Louis and rented an apartment. Both

promptly got drunk. They fought, and Hall, after battering Bonnie's face, walked out. He went to a saloon and watched the sixth game of the World Series on television. He left behind a wrapper for a \$2,000 packet of the ransom money. A barfly picked it up, looked at the figure, dropped it back on the floor.

Hall next attached himself to John Hager, an ex-convict (had checks) turned taxicab driver and pimp. When the kidnaper gave Hager an \$18 tip, the cabbie was elated. "I knew I had a Good-Time Charlie," he gloated. He took Hall to a hefty (176 lbs.), blonde prostitute named Sandy O'Day, and the three drove to a motor court near St. Louis. Hall tossed \$2,480 onto the bed for Hager who counted it and announced the total. Hall, to



SANDY O'DAY  
She met a Good-Time Charlie.

make it a round figure, added \$20. Next morning Hager returned to the motel and picked up Sandy O'Day, who was about to leave for Kansas City, where she was later arrested. She told Hager of seeing a suitcase loaded with money. "There must be a million dollars back there," she said. "Then," said Hager, "I knew I did not have a Good-Time Charlie."

Hager was scared, so scared that he called St. Louis Police Lieut. Louis Shoulders, telling him: "I've got a guy that's really hot. He's throwing away money and lots of it. He's got a big gun, and he's drunk and on dope." With a patrolman, Shoulders went to the Town House, an apartment building where Hall had rented Room 303, and where he expected Hager to bring him another woman. The patrolman, following instructions from Hager, knocked three times and called: "Steve, this is Johnny." Hall unlatched the door and opened it. The cops shoved in, revolvers drawn.

Shoulders took a key from Hall's pocket and opened one of two suitcases in the

room. It was filled with money. The policeman took Hall to the station, where Shoulders opened the second suitcase. When he saw the currency in it, he thought: "This has got to be the payoff on the Greenlease boy." He turned to Hall and said: "Now, mister, you're hooked. We know all about you." Replied Hall: "I know. I knew when you put that gun in my belly it was all up with me."

Hall confessed to the kidnapping, and told police where Bonnie Heady was. During Mrs. Heady's stay in the apartment, she had worried about her dog, Doc, left at the St. Joseph bungalow. She had called a St. Joseph veterinarian and asked him to take care of Doc, since she would be "tied up for a while." Caught by police (with \$2,000 in her possession) and questioned, she admitted being the woman who had taken Bobby Greenlease from school. But she said she had not known it was a kidnapping. Hall, she claimed, had told her Bobby Greenlease was his son by a former marriage, and he just wanted a visit with the boy. Bonnie was willing to help because "I love him so much."

Carl Hall denied having killed Bobby. He said that another bum, a tattooed sex degenerate named Thomas John Marsh, 37, had shot the boy when Hall and Bonnie Heady were not around. Police were skeptical, but a nationwide alarm went out for Marsh's arrest.

**An End of Lying.** Meanwhile, a bullet had been found embedded in the floor mat of Mrs. Heady's station wagon. Ballistics tests proved the slug had been fired from the .38-caliber revolver found in Hall's room when he was arrested. Bloodstains, which Hall had tried to clean up, were also found in the station wagon.

Faced with this evidence, Hall and Mrs. Heady, six days after their arrest, stopped lying. They admitted taking Bobby Greenlease across the Missouri state line into Kansas to a spot twelve miles east of Kansas City. There Hall, in the presence of Mrs. Heady, shot the boy. At the murder site, FBI agents found a mechanical pencil which Bobby's father had given him. Hall cleared Tom Marsh, still unfound, of any part in the crime. Hall disclosed the most grisly detail of the whole horrifying crime, one of the worst in U.S. history. He said that the grave had been dug and the quicklime bought before the boy was kidnapped.

This cleared up the case, except for the whereabouts of some \$300,000 of ransom money, for which police are still searching. After confessing, Hall sank into a sullen silence, and Mrs. Heady asked for a pencil so she could work a crossword puzzle. The request was refused because she was classed as a "maximum security prisoner." So she settled down with a comic book: *Intimate Love*. Hall was being kept in solitary confinement, so that other prisoners would not harm him.

Years ago, Carl Hall had told the postmaster of Pleasanton: "My hands are white as lilies—and you'll never see a callus on them." In his way, he had kept his promise.



## ARMED FORCES

### To a Young Progressive

Corporal Arlie H. Pate, 21, is one of the 23 American "progressives" held by the Reds in Korea who do not want to come home. One of nine children, he grew up in the bare hill country of southern Illinois, not far from the state boundary of the Mississippi River. His father, Daniel Howard Pate, ailing from epilepsy, was seldom able to work. After living for years near East St. Louis, Howard Pate moved his family to a cheap, 62-acre farm south of Carbondale, Ill.—two acres of corn and the rest scrubby, uphill pasture. Arlie had many friends near home, but he was restless, and ill-content with his lot. At 17, with his family's consent, he enlisted in the U.S. Army. Arlie said he wanted to see the world. He was sent to Korea. He

heart, and torn to pieces." What they said: *Mother:* Arlie, we been waiting a long time for you to come back. We got everything you said you wanted. I hope you come back.

*Father:* What's the matter with you, boy, you don't come on home like you ought to? We've got everything ready. We've got the hog ready to butcher. Waiting for you a long time.

*Sister:* Hello, Arlie, this is your sister Beulah. How are you? I hope you come home pretty soon.

*Aunt:* Hello, Arlie, this is your Aunt Jeanette. You know you've been writing home and telling us of all the things so we want you to come home and be with us. You know you asked about Ed Allen and your friends around here and [they would] like for you to be home with them. They all want to see you so bad, and

farm and all them neighbors all the time askin' where you're at—and what you're doing and why you don't come home. My Lord, come on over here with us and be with us. Shucks, we'll have a big time over here . . .

*Aunt:* Arlie, this is your Aunt Jeanette again . . . Now, if you'll just come home and be down here where I'm at, you know the little house on the hill where we had so much fun. And picked apples. We can squirrel hunt. I went squirrel hunting every morning and killed squirrels and if you was here, you and me could go together . . .

*Mother:* Hello, Arlie, your Uncle Sammy and all of them been looking forward for you to come home. They been hoping and praying for you to come home. Grandma, that's all she talks about. Sammy said come home, he'd have a big time with you, we'd all go over and see all of them—even in Arkansas—and see the rest of the family down there. We could do a lot if you could come home . . .

*Sister:* Arlie, do you remember some of the times that we used to have when we were in school, and we were kids and how we used to have fights in the evening when we'd come home from school . . . Arlie, if you'd come back we could have some fun like we used to have.

*Father:* My Lord, get on back here, My Lord, you're worrying mommy so she's pretty near crying nearly all of the time you look at her.

*Aunt:* Hello, Arlie, I want you to come home and see us all. You could have all you wanted. We have cows, we have hogs and everything . . . Arlie, you know that this is the only free country they is. You know that you can't stay over there and be free, and you know well that you're a freeborn American. And there's no place over there for you. And you better come home, Arlie, and take your friends and your family and your loved ones because, Arlie, you know that we all love you.

You're the same boy now as you was when you left, and we've got to treat you the same. You got to treat us the same. Because we're all the same blood, flesh and everything. Arlie . . . you're the only one that can tell us and be with us and let us know of all the things that's happening around the world!

*Sister:* Arlie, this is your sister again. Arlie, you just don't know how much grief you put on mother. She sits and cries all the time and calls your name. It's just hard for her. Goodbye, Arlie. God bless you and good luck.

*Father:* Son, I don't see what in the world is the matter with you if you don't come on home here. Here I'm letting Ronald take the truck and take mommy to town to the doctor. My Lord, she's needing you bad here. You could be with her and you could drive the truck and take her to town to the doctor whenever she needs you, my Lord, she needs you bad, needs you awful bad . . .

*Mother:* This is your mother. Please come home to me. You're welcome any time you come, Arlie . . .



THE PATES (SISTER, FATHER, MOTHER & AUNT)  
"My Lord, come on over here with us . . ."

Howard Sochurek—Life

fought there, and was taken prisoner by the Chinese Reds.

An enterprising radio newscaster offered to make recordings which the families of the 23 "progressives" could send to Korea. Eighteen families, including the Pates, accepted the opportunity to plead with their sons to come home. Fortnight ago, Howard Pate, 47, his wife Zady, Arlie's 18-year-old sister, Beulah, and Mrs. Jeanette Daley, Arlie's aunt, were driven up to station WCBS in Springfield, Ill.

Dressed in their Sunday best, the Pates were shown into a studio, seated at a shiny table with two microphones. The announcer said later: "They'd been doing a lot of thinking about what they'd say, but when I told them to begin, it didn't seem to come. They kept looking at one another in a pitiful sort of way to see who would start." Then their speech came, in bursts that showed their grief and bewilderment. Said the announcer: "They were a family talking from the

we're hoping and praying to God you'll change your mind, Arlie, and come home to us. Because your friends need you here. And your folks need you here. Your dad's in bad shape and he needs you home and he needs your help . . .

*Mother:* Arlie, you always talk about the farm. Why don't you come up. We need you so bad. We've bought stock and everything you said you wanted . . . You said you wanted a lot of fruit and stuff to eat. Do come back to us. We sure need you. And your dad's not able to take care of the farm . . .

*Father:* Son, what's the matter that you can't come on home. Your mommy's in bad shape and can't stand it hardly at all, you being gone like that. My Lord, why in the world don't you come on over here. We got the stock and everything here waiting for you and you can have fried chicken and everything, fried chicken, fried squirrel and fried rabbits, and you can just have a big time out here on the



# INTERNATIONAL

## TRIESTE

### Storm over the Adriatic

With a bold stroke of power diplomacy, the U.S. and Britain last week set out to break the eight-year-old stalemate over Trieste. The decision required careful readings of a complex and impassioned situation.

The problem they faced:

Italy, which lost Trieste by the World War II peace treaty, claims the entire territory, and its claim was formally backed by the U.S., Britain and France in 1948. Trieste, a stirring emotional symbol to all Italians, threatened to fray Italy's ties to the Western coalition and block her participation in the proposed European Army. But diplomatic soundings in Rome suggested that Italy might now be persuaded to settle.

Yugoslavia, trading hard on its cold war value to the West, wants all the Free Territory except the city of Trieste for itself, demands that the port be internationalized to keep it out of Italy's control. But diplomatic soundings in Belgrade suggested that Marshal Tito, though he would squawk, might be brought to settle for an arrangement that would leave him in control of the less populous Zone B part of the divided Free Territory of Trieste.

The Western Powers could not cajole Italy and Yugoslavia into a friendly bargain. To continue to do nothing would be to let the tension increase. The U.S. decided on action, persuaded the British to go along. Their decision was to help Italy's cause and to risk Tito's ire.

One day last week, the U.S. and British ambassadors in Rome and Belgrade delivered messages to the Italian and Yugoslav governments. "As soon as practicable," said the notes, the U.S. and Britain will withdraw their occupation troops from Trieste Territory's Zone A and hand it over to Italy's control, leaving Yugoslavia in command of Zone B. "We trust," said the Big Two, "that it will provide the basis for friendly and fruitful cooperation between Italy and Yugoslavia." With each in control of a zone, Italy now had the "parity" it has long demanded as a prerequisite to further negotiations. It might, for example, offer the Yugoslavs port facilities in exchange for the return of predominantly Italian towns on the Istrian coast.

The ambassadors went back to the embassies to wait for the repercussions. They did not have long to wait.

In Italy, a voice broke into the scheduled program of the government radio. "This is a special announcement," Italians thrilled at the news. Newspapers, except



Carl Mydans—LIFE

Tito  
Will he cool down?

those of the far left, broke out their big type to proclaim AN ACT OF JUSTICE. Wrote Italy's leading daily, *Corriere della Sera*: "What happened has been to a great extent the work of a woman, of Mrs. [Clare Boothe] Luce, and it is right and necessary that the Italian people know it . . . Perhaps one day we will learn with what patience, intelligence and diplomatic tact Mrs. Luce succeeded in bringing this arduous task to a happy end." But Ambassador Luce, in a press conference, attributed the plan's adoption to the concerted efforts of Anglo-American embassies and foreign offices.

Calmly waiting to make sure that the public reaction was good, the new Cabinet of Giuseppe Pella met to vote its "unanimous pleasure," and, to thundering cheers, Premier Pella announced the Cabinet's



Time Map by J. Donovan

acceptance to the newly convened Italian Parliament. It was a big boost for Pella (see below). Still, he was careful to regard the offer as only a down payment on Italy's claims. "I can declare in the most formal way," said Pella to Parliament, "that acceptance of . . . Zone A does not imply any abandonment of Italian claims on Zone B."

**Horse Artillery.** Across the Adriatic in the land of Tito, the reaction was more violent and menacing than the Western powers had anticipated. Yugoslavs rolled onto the streets of Belgrade swinging placards (WE WILL GIVE OUR LIVES, BUT NOT AN INCH OF TRIESTE! TRIESTE IS OURS!) and chanting slogans ("Trieste or death!" "Down with Britain and America!"). At the U.S. and British embassies and the Italian legation, crowds cascaded stones and bricks through windows and doorways.

At first, hardheaded Marshal Tito reacted with comparative mildness. The Anglo-American plan was, in fact, almost identical to one the British say Tito approved privately less than a year ago in talks with Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, except that the new plan does not try to freeze the division of territory. Tito called on his cops to quiet the street crowds, but the marching, chanting demonstrations spread. In his manipulation of the touchy Trieste issue, Tito had apparently whipped his people to a higher emotional pitch than he recognized, and intermixed the issue with his own prestige—a serious mistake for a dictator caught precariously between a people he is not sure of, a Soviet government that hates him for a heretic, and cautious Western friends who mistrust him for being a passionate Communist. The public reaction now stirred Dictator Tito to a more dangerous course.

Belgrade rushed troops, tanks and horse artillery to Zone B. Before a rally of 100,000 Yugoslavs, Tito fired tempers further: he demanded a different Trieste solution—one which would entrust to Italy only the city and give all the rest to Yugoslavia—and warned that, unless it is accepted, "there will be no peace in this part of Europe." "We would give up [Western] aid," said Tito, "but we will never give up these interests." Then he vowed that if Italy sends in troops to occupy Zone A, Yugoslavia will consider it "an act of aggression" and send the Yugoslav army to drive them out.

Tito's Deputy Foreign Minister, Koca Popovic, rushed to Washington from the United Nations to discuss the situation with U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, told reporters that the matter looks "very grave." Moscow chimed in with formal notes to Washington and London calling the Trieste move a "grave violation" of the six-year-old Italian peace treaty.

Admittedly worried by the violence of Yugoslavia's reaction and the limb Tito

\* Zone A covers 86 square miles, includes 246,500 Italians, mostly in the city of Trieste, and some 63,000 Slovenes in the hinterland. Zone B, 199 square miles, holds 43,000 Slovenes, some 30,000 Italians living mostly in Italianized coastal communities.

## NEWS IN PICTURES

Кондитерский магазин



**SHOPPING DISTRICT:** Muscovites, including snappily uniformed officials, walk past candy store on busy street. Drainpipe (near

window) opening on sidewalk shows why even better streets are often grimy. Russians euphemistically called slums "old buildings."

Photos by Daniel Berger

## CLOSE-UPS OF RUSSIA BY COLLEGE EDITORS

THREE young Americans flew home last week from a rare trip to Russia. Hearing about the Moscow visit of U.S. small-town newspapermen (TIME, April 13), College Editors Daniel Berger, 21 (Oberlin), Mark Emond, 25 (University of Colorado), and Zander Hollander, 22 (University of Michigan), applied for visas, were promptly accepted. Paying their own way, they got a two-week, \$19-a-day Intourist tour, moved freely around Moscow, Kiev, Leningrad, were allowed to snap pictures of everything except factories, military installations and national shrines. They found only one trace of recently purged Politburocrat Lavrenty Beria, a mosaic portrait on the ceiling of Moscow's ornate subway. Other impressions: TV screens are tiny but programs excellent, youth papers have luxurious offices but sound "as if written by the Dean," students are friendly but primed to criticize the U.S., girls are "sweet, naive and not sexy," children—often seen with nurses in parks—are well cared for. Said Editor Berger: "The best-dressed Russians are under ten years old."

**MOSCOW JAYWALKERS**, who struck editors as harder than New York's, are seen at intersection of Okhotny Ryad and Gorky Street. At right is plush Hotel Moscow; the car at left is smaller Soviet version of U.S. Ford.





**GRADE-SCHOOL PUPILS** in Moscow turn to stare at editor snapping picture, but boy (right) wearing an arm band which marks him as class leader, dutifully listens to teacher.



**LIQUOR & TOBACCO SHOP:** Editor Emond (overcoat) lines up with thirsty Muscovites (sign says "Open 10 to 7, Closed Tuesday"), liked inexpensive Russian champagne sold like soda pop at football games.



**LENINGRAD OLDSTERS** get breath of fresh fall air in park built by Peter the Great. Smiling nude called Beauty is a D.P. from the city's elegant Czarist past.

had climbed out on, Western diplomats nonetheless held fast, figuring that, given time, Tito will cool himself and his people down. They do not believe, in other words, that the dictator of Yugoslavia is willing or able to go to war for Trieste.

## ITALY

### *Uomo di Equilibrio*

The man on the rostrum in the old papal courthouse where Italy's Chamber of Deputies fights its stormy battles had the broad, florid face of a peasant surmounted by a thatch of obstreperous, oiled-down red hair. But the voice that came out was the courtly, confident baritone of a man who, to the surprise of

last week, after he had been in office only 47 days, Italians inside Parliament and out were calling robust Giuseppe Pella *uomo di equilibrio* (man of balance). Said a parliamentary deputy: "My bet is that five years from now [when national elections will be held], it will be Premier Pella who will be presenting his record to the voters for further approval."

Born 51 years ago in a sharecropper's cottage near Biella in the Piedmont, Pella was so bright in school that his parents were relieved of school taxes. Papa and Mamma Pella worked days and nights in a Piedmont spinning mill to send their only child on to the University of Turin (finance and economics) and into the business world. At 30 he commanded big

police-escort car, recently borrowed a tiny Fiat for a vacation trip instead of using his gas-greedy Alfa Romeo. With his wife and daughter Wanda, he lives in a simple apartment in Rome's newest apartment-house district, sometimes visits his old (77) mother, who still lives near Biella among the effects of a half-century ago. She consented to have a radio and a telephone in her house only because her visiting son had to know what was going on. ("I am afraid of modern things," she explains.)

As Premier, Foreign Minister and Budget Minister, Pella puts in a ten- to twelve-hour day every day except Sunday, and he even forgoes the honored Italian siesta. So far, most Italians think he has used the time well.

## NATO

### The A-Gun Arrives

In the North German port of Bremerhaven, giant cranes hauled dozens of mysterious boxes out of the U.S. freighter *Pine Tree Mariner*. A 50-ft. length of tubing stuck out of one case; another crate derailed a flatcar onto which it was being loaded. Shipped by rail to the U.S. zone, the crates were broken open and their contents assembled into six 280-mm. cannons—the first atomic artillery supplied by the U.S. to its NATO forces in Europe.

The 85-ton monsters will be manned and tended by the U.S. 86th Field Artillery Battalion. They will be stationed near enough to the Iron Curtain to smash Soviet infantry formations advancing en masse—or possibly to be captured by the enemy troops within hours of the outbreak of war.

### "Sanity Will Prevail"

Last week one of the most influential voices in Britain spoke out against trying to build a Maginot Line of the air. Arthur William, Lord Tedder, Britain's top air strategist in World War II, deputy commander of SHAEF under Eisenhower and now vice chairman of the BBC, said that any reliance on passive defense (meaning a huge complex of radar screens, interceptor planes and antiaircraft weapons) would not "provide a deterrent to aggression [but would] bankrupt the free world and hand it over to Communism and chaos without a blow."

Speaking to the Air League of the British Empire, scholarly, pipe-puffing Air Marshal Tedder said: "I am one of those who believe that for some four or five years after . . . 1945, aggression was averted by the U.S. atomic bomber force. I do not think that the fact that the Russians have now developed their own atomic weapons really lessens that deterrent effect; the fearful counterthreat is still there . . . . Provided that the free nations make it clear without a shadow of a doubt or vestige of bluff that they are ready and able to deliver the atomic weapon and face that ultimate issue, I believe that sanity will prevail."



ITALY'S PREMIER PELLA & EX-PREMIER DE GASPERI  
Overnight, a surprising blossom.

United Press

almost all concerned, has blossomed almost overnight into Italy's leading statesman. For two hours last week, Premier Giuseppe Pella ranged over Italy's relations with the rest of the world.

When he let drop a few kind words for Spain, deputies on the far left benches jeered and cackled in distaste. "If you'll just be patient," said Pella gently, "I will come later on to countries more interesting to you." The center and right burst into laughter. Then, taking up Trieste, he recalled how Pietro Nenni, now leader of Italy's fellow-traveling Socialists, had once, while in the Foreign Ministry, instructed Italian diplomats to press for a Trieste proposal that Nenni now opposed. It was a telling point, but Pella did not try to rub it in. Instead, he faced Nenni and said simply: "Those were instructions that redound to your honor."

The badly divided Chamber of Deputies responded with a vote (293 to 200) that represented a healthy show of confidence in Giuseppe Pella. Three days later he returned with his happy news on Trieste. Said a man in the press gallery: "This doesn't look like a temporary government."

New Actor. Giuseppe Pella took office last August as a "caretaker" Premier, succeeding the experienced Alcide De Gasperi, and prepared to fade away after he got his budget through Parliament. But by

fees as a consultant to the Piedmont textile industry. He went to Rome in 1946 as a parliamentary deputy; a year later Luigi Einaudi, now Italy's President, took him into the Finance Ministry to help promote his hard-money policy. Pella took with him his boyhood concern for pennies and his businessman's love for the solid lira, and soon became De Gasperi's Finance Minister. To keep the lira stable, he fought tenaciously against many of his party who wanted vote-catching spending programs. Once, in 1951, he resigned rather than give in, bringing the government down with him. De Gasperi formed a new Cabinet and persuaded Pella to come back. In Parliament, a rightist deputy once insisted that if he would allow a little more inflation, workers' wages also would rise. "Yes," replied Pella, "But the trouble is that prices will go up by the elevator, while wages will have to climb the stairs."

Lira-Pinching. As Premier, Pella has stuck to caution in domestic affairs and well-timed excursions into foreign affairs to build his popularity in the country. Employing the almost forgotten wile of courtesy, he has so far won the support of the Monarchists and toned down enemies like Togliatti and Nenni. He still treats each lira as if it were the last of the species; he never uses the Premier's special railroad car, has dismissed his



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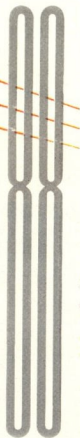
*Lovely M-G-M Star, Esther Williams, her husband Ben Gage and their two sons, Benjamin and Kimball. Miss Williams is co-starring in M-G-M's "EASY TO LOVE" (Color by Technicolor).*

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# FOREIGN NEWS

## GREAT BRITAIN

### "An Ample Feast"

The Old Man still had it in him to command the attention of the world. The weight of his years (he will be 79 next month) lay on his stooped shoulders, he had been ill for four months, yet in authority and eloquence and in the ability to rise to an occasion, there was still no other Englishman around to match Sir Winston Churchill. He proved it again last week. His platform was the Winter Gardens at Margate, where 4,000 Tory bigwigs sat in party convention beneath a panoply of Union Jacks. They sang *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*, and cheered until the rafters rang when he suddenly appeared before them, a beaming, black-jacketed old gentleman, venerable as Queen Victoria, familiar as Big Ben.

Churchill played two roles, and his audience loved him in both. To the party, he was Old Tory, bucolic and patriotic, quick to boot Socialist backside and to chuck the British voter under the chin. The other Churchill looked larger, more visionary and controversial. He was the great Britannic Moses, sharing his wisdom with the benighted, urging them to follow where he led.

**Modest Plan?** "I have thought a great deal about the overpowering problem that . . . haunts all our minds," said Churchill. "My prime thought is to simplify." Churchill's simplification was that "the world needs patience. It needs a period of calm rather than vehement attempts to produce clear-cut solutions."

Churchill had been bitterly disappointed because his own attempt to find a clear-cut solution—in a Big Four "parley at the summit"—had been cold-shouldered by the U.S. and France, stonily ignored by the Soviet Union. It had even been labeled "mischievous" by the London *Economist*. But Sir Winston would no more give up his project than he would part with the Empire. "I asked for very little," he told the Tories. "I held out no exciting hopes about Russia. I thought that friendly, informal, personal talks between the leading figures . . . might do good and could not easily do much harm, and that one good thing might lead to another."

Churchill called his proposal "a humble, modest plan." He is sticking to it even though his own Foreign Office thinks it likely to do more harm than good. To the cheering galleries, he said: "I still think that the leading men of the various nations ought to . . . meet together without trying to cut attitudes before excitable publics, or using regiments of experts to marshal all the difficulties and objections. Let us try to see whether there is not something better for us all than tearing and blasting each other to pieces, which we can certainly do."

**Spot of Advice.** Churchill was not advocating appeasement of the Russians. He was quick to remind the world that "the

Soviet armies in Europe, even without their satellites, are four times as strong as all the Western allies put together." Jaw thrust forward, blue eyes flashing fire, the Old Man denounced "Socialist politicians who hope to win popularity both by carping and sneering at the U.S." He warned the Tories, too, that "it would be madness to make our heavily burdened island take up an attitude which, if not hostile, was, at any rate, unsympathetic both to the U.S. and to the new Germany which Dr. Adenauer is building . . ."

Churchill had a spot of advice for each of Britain's allies:

¶ France must ratify the European Army treaty, permitting the Germans to rearm. "If not," said Sir Winston—in a sharp



THE PRIME MINISTER  
Like Victoria, Big Ben and Moses.

either/or that would have been denounced as an "ultimatum" if an American had uttered it—"If not, we shall have no chance in prudence but to fall in with some new arrangement which will join the strength of Germany to the Western allies through NATO."

¶ Germany is welcome to "a place among the great powers of the world," but, "as one a large part of whose life has been spent in conducting war against [the Reich]." Sir Winston urged the Bonn government to remember the famous maxim: "The price of freedom is eternal vigilance." Presumably, he was advising Bonn to watch out for its domestic foes.

¶ The U.S. got a big Churchillian bouquet, and a homily on its past mistakes. "Had the U.S. taken before the First World War, or between the wars, the same interest and made the same exertions and run the same risks to preserve peace and uphold freedom which, I thank God, she is doing now, there might never have

been a first war, and there would certainly never have been a second. With [America's] mighty aid, I have a sure hope that there will not be a third."

**Old Tory.** Thus spake Churchill the Prophet—to Britain and the world. Churchill the Old Tory stuck to party politics.

With puckish grin and rolling eye, he surveyed the achievements of two years of Tory government. "We are not without some satisfaction," he said, and the understatement got a roar. "Danger is farther away than when we went into harness . . . Recovery will grow surer and firmer as the clattering months roll by."

Churchill was in his element, mingling, pantomime and frolic, spilling wit like wine. He enumerated the party's successes and, like the headmaster of Harrow, distributed congratulations to his blushing middle-aged ministers. To each he made a play of peering along the rows to find the next recipient of his favors. He kept each one in suspense until his turn came.

"Take our finances," said the Prime Minister, singling out Chancellor of the Exchequer "Rab" Butler. "Two years ago, we were sliding into bankruptcy. Now, at last, we may claim solvency." Churchill paused, squinted over his spectacles, and suddenly demanded: "What is the use of being a famous race and nation . . . if at the end of the week you cannot pay your housekeeping bill?" He looked inquiringly at Lady Churchill, and the delighted audience roared.

"And what about meat? Even red meat?" Mousing his words like a music-hall comic, Churchill spluttered: "I am always very chary with percentages . . . I like short words and vulgar fractions. Well, here is the plain vulgar fact: in the first two years of the Tory government, the British nation has actually eaten 400,000 tons more meat, including red meat, than they did in the last two years of the Socialist administration." And with that, Sir Winston Churchill rinsed out his mouth with, of all things, a glass of cold water. Grimacing like the champion brandy drinker that he is, he looked up at the audience apologetically. "I don't often do that," was all he needed to say to set the great hall bellowing with laughter.

**Next Year, Too.** Yet for all Churchill's magnificence and the pinkness of his unseamed cheeks, many Tories were worried that he may not be up to the day-to-day demands of his job. There were reports that he would shortly turn over affairs to ailing Anthony Eden, who at Margate spoke animatedly but looked exhausted. Talk of a new general election was in the air. Noisy Nye Bevan had already demanded that Sir Winston should "clear out . . . if he is unable to do his duty"; and even the London *Times* had sternly warned that "the Prime Minister must satisfy himself and the nation that he is physically equal to the task ahead." At Margate, the Old Man killed the rumors

as he might have swatted a fly. "We have no intention of plunging the nation into electioneering strife this year," he said. "And indeed, so far as my immediate knowledge is concerned, that applies to next year, too."

"And now," said Sir Winston, "a word about myself." He seemed tired, and his eyes were moist, but with an effort he roused himself for the simple peroration that would proclaim to the world that Churchill is staying put. "If I stay on for the time being, bearing the burden at my age, it is not because of love for power or office. I have had an ample feast of both. If I stay, it is because I have the feeling that I may, through things that have happened, have an influence on what I care about above all else—the building of a sure and lasting peace . . ."

## EAST GERMANY

### Convincing Majority

Wilhelm Pieck, the doddering old puppet who makes a show of ruling East Germany for the Communists but is usually seen napping through his public appearances, was re-elected President for four years by unanimous vote of East Germany's Parliament. A top Communist proudly contrasted the results of this "landslide" election with the election of Dwight Eisenhower, "who was put into office only after months of bitter wrangling and with a not too convincing majority."

## WEST GERMANY

### Victory with Reservations

Five weeks after his landslide victory in the general election, Konrad Adenauer last week was re-elected Chancellor for a new four-year term, by a Bundestag vote of 304 to 148. His 156-vote majority gives Adenauer one of the strongest parliamentary mandates of any leader in Western Europe.

Yet, impressive as his victory was, it fell short of the two-thirds majority he counted on: two Deputies among his supporters opposed him, and 14 others of them abstained. Behind this unexpected opposition lay a curious fact: the very size of Adenauer's success worries many Germans who were glad he had won. They wonder whether their democracy, still young and fragile, can risk putting too much power in one man's hands, even Adenauer's. And they found cause for grievance in some recent autocratic Adenauer actions:

¶ He let it be known that Germany's combined labor union movement (DGB) should reorganize itself because, in his opinion, it had violated its constitutional neutrality in favoring a Socialist victory.

¶ He supported State Secretary Otto Lenz's scheme for a new Ministry of Information, backed down only after the press fiercely attacked it as too reminiscent of Goebbelsism.

¶ He indicated that he would reward Opportunist Waldemar Kraft's new BHE (Refugee Party) with one or two Cab-



KONRAD ADENAUER  
Opposition wanted.

United Press

inet jobs if it "behaved properly." With Kraft's support, Adenauer would have a two-thirds Bundestag majority, enabling him to change the constitution if he need be.

All these proposals would cause little alarm in a well-established two-party system. But though the opposition Social Democratic Party has 151 Deputies, it slumbers under the respectable but uninspired leadership of Erich Ollenhauer and Carlo Schmid. Today, the 84-year-old Social Democratic Party, Germany's oldest, is fervently anti-Communist and only faintly Marxist, but it still clings as a matter of tradition to Marxist catch phrases like class struggle and proletarian revolution. It thus scares off middle-class voters.



WILHELM PIECK  
Unanimity preferred.

Gregory-Ex

A new wing of the party, calling itself the Reformists, realizes the danger and is battling the old-guard bureaucrats for control. Reformist Chief Heinrich Albertz, a Protestant pastor and minister in the Lower Saxony Cabinet, would junk the old Marxist catch phrases, and pattern the SPD roughly after the British Labor Party. Albertz argues: "We have good ideas; we are on the right road, but we are unable to speak to the people in their own language. The policy of the present party has as little to do with Marxism as Copernicus does to the 20th century."

## Make-Parts Plan

Since World War II, the industrialists who built Hitler's *Luftwaffe* have kept a prudent silence. Beset by denazification tribunals, forbidden by the occupation to make plans, the aircraft manufacturers switched their lines to make a living: Messerschmitt turned to midsize automobiles; Dornier fell back upon his construction interests in Spain and Switzerland; Heinkel put out machine tools and motor scooters from his Stuttgart factory. Two months ago, they formed an "Aero Union" to handle orders that might be coming from NATO, but thanks to the ban, and to French and British opposition to German rearmament, no orders came.

Last week a member of the Aero Union broke the prudent silence, suggested that the industry get back to work. Said shrewd, ambitious Ernst Heinkel, once a top bomber-builder: "Germany is too far behind and too poor to attempt developing its own aircraft. But Germany could well play her part in the Western defense program" by making parts (e.g., optical instruments) for Western aircraft.

The time, Heinkel implied, is short. The West still has the edge over the Russians on technicians and engineers, but the Russians are "improving," and they are putting more labor and materials into aircraft than the West. The Russians have also progressed with guided missiles that "could be very dangerous to American industrial centers."

Should the West accept his make-parts (Ersatzteile) plan, said Heinkel, the West German industrialists could get 120,000 men on the job within two years. And should the planmaking ban be lifted altogether, they could switch back smoothly to full operation, making Western aircraft under Western license.

## RUSSIA

### Slight Improvement

Since prewar days, U.S. and British diplomats in Moscow have been trailed by bodyguards supplied by the Russian authorities "for protection." Last week U.S. Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen, flying back to Moscow after a visit to Washington, was surprised to find no bodyguard to greet him at the airport and himself free for the first time to move about without escort. This is the kind of change meant to be regarded as a "slight improvement in relations."





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## SOUTH AFRICA

### Britain Beware

To round out the newly created Central African Federation (TIME, Sept. 21), some Britons propose to turn over to Southern Rhodesia a huge chunk of the sprawling desert protectorate of Bechuanaland. Last week Bechuanaland's southern neighbor, South Africa, spoke up in angry protest—a protest unusually strong for a land that belongs to the Commonwealth and pays homage to Elizabeth as its Queen. South Africa's dour old Prime Minister Daniel Malan warned Whitehall that any fiddling with Bechuanaland would be regarded in Cape Town as a downright "unfriendly act"; in retaliation, South Africa might turn against another British protectorate and "completely starve out Basutoland," which is entirely encircled by South African territory.

Malan was well aware that British public opinion might force the London government to protect its protectorate, but he did not care a fig for that. "British public opinion is their difficulty, not ours," he snapped. "If we were to take any notice of British public opinion, we should have no further reason to exist."

## FRANCE

### The Joke

Marc Champagnat, a stout and fastidious retired railroad worker, was the Dr. Johnson of the town of Angoulême. A divorcé and a gourmet, Marc and his friends—the undertaker, the fishmonger, the mayor, the lawyer's clerk and the school principal—met so regularly in the tavern called Le Practic that their group became known as Champagnat's Club. Over peppery steak and cognac, Marc would talk endlessly of his philosophies, his past amours, his hobbies—fishing and cooking—and his adventures in the Cameroons. Even the Irish setter Vo-Vo learned to follow his conversation with interest and thumped her tail on the floor approvingly when Marc's friends laughed at his sallies.

One day, four years ago, Marc startled his companions at Le Practic with a joke that seemed something less than funny. "It is my belief," he said, "that a man should not live to be more than 60. As you all know, I shall be 56 on Oct. 3. I have saved 4,000,000 francs, and I intend to spend it at a rate of 1,000,000 each year. I shall kill myself at the end of September 1953. On Oct. 1, I shall be buried." Marc's friends slapped him on the back and urged him to have another drink. "You'll forget it all by tomorrow," they said. But Marc Champagnat did not forget.

**I Shan't Need It.** As the years passed, Marc repeated his "joke" again and again until some of his friends got bored with it. He even made arrangements with the undertaker for his burial in the family vault. The fish merchant took him for a ride on his lurching truck one day and tried to warn him: "Your soul will be

eternally damned," but Marc only answered, "I must do what I must do."

In the pleasant, cozy house where he lived, Marc continued to pursue the pleasant, unruffled existence of a man at peace with himself and the world. He took fat carp from the neighboring river, lent his money freely to all who seemed needy, entertained his friends with home-cooked meals worthy of a Parisian chef, and sent them home glowing with his fine vintages. Not even the postman was allowed to pass Marc's house on his rounds without sampling its hospitality. Most of Marc's friends tried to ignore his grim joke about suicide, but Marc would not let them. "By the way," he told his favorite fishing companion a few weeks ago, "I want you to have my fishing equipment. I'm killing



Jean Cousy—France-Dimanche  
MARC CHAMPAGNAT

"On Oct. 1, I shall be buried."

myself at the end of this month, you know, and I shan't need it any more."

**Nice to See You.** As the zero hour approached, friends pleaded and entreated with Marc to change his mind, to no avail. On the morning of Sept. 28, gloom hung like a pall in the bar of Le Practic. Even Vo-Vo lay silent, crouched in a corner. Then someone, peering from the window, cried, "Why, there's Marc now!" And down the street, wearing the neat, pin-stripe suit that fitted him so snugly, came Marc. "I've decided to give myself a reprieve," he beamed. "Beefsteak with pepper, please, Madame. Well, it's nice to see you all."

Was it the happy ending to Marc Champagnat's grim joke? Next day, when Marc failed to show up at Le Practic, his friends went to his cottage and found him lying in a coma from an overdose of sleeping pills. On Friday morning, Oct. 2, Marc Champagnat died in the hospital. "As you see," he wrote in a letter left behind, "I am punctual. I think I have lived better than others. I die content."

## KOREA

### Frustration at Panmunjom

The red silk flags of Communist China and North Korea snapped briskly last week from the triumphal arch at Panmunjom, close by the moldering straw hut where the U.N. worked out the truce. There were no U.N. flags on display for Panmunjom, "neutral" center of Korea, lies in Communist territory. To frustration and bitter Americans, this Communist dominance of the scene—legal as it is—reflected a growing reality last week.

A few thousand yards south of this bustling new community, the 2,500 hutments and 40-odd compounds of Indian Village lay sprawling across barren ridges and hillsides. In the compounds, some 22,500 desperate anti-Communist Chinese and North Korean P.W.s were killing time, giving one another anti-Communist classes and pep talks, chipping makeshift daggers from broken urinals, shouting "Death to Mao the Dog Communist!" for the benefit of passers-by.

Across the ten-foot barbed wire, the 5,500 Indian guards watched keenly for the first signs of the mass breakout they dreaded. Korean veterans called the Indians one of the best outfits they had seen—cracker-crisp Rajputana Rifles in bottle-green turbans and berets, Dogras, Jats, Maharrats, disciplined so they could take P.W. spittle in the face without a murmur, which they often did.

**Brandy & Soda.** Upon the fairness of the Indians on the scene now lie the precarious hopes of the P.W.s, for as the weeks go by, the clauses in the armistice terms and the hostile attitude of India's Prime Minister Nehru seem more and more stacked against the anti-Communist prisoners. Handsome, husky Lieut. General K. S. Thimayya, 47, chairman of the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission, was one of the first Indians to get into Sandhurst, Britain's West Point; he was the first Indian officer to command a brigade in World War II. "Thimmy" Thimayya, who won the D.S.O. against the Japanese, is perhaps the most promising soldier-diplomat in all India.

One day last week, Thimayya summoned U.N. and Communist correspondents to Panmunjom for his first press conference. For two hours, coolly, he sought to allay U.N. fears that the P.W.s would be coerced by Communist "explaners" into going back to their Communist homelands. The P.W.s would have to go to the explanation huts, he said, "but how do you make a man listen?"

One by one, U.N. newsmen voiced specific U.N. worries. How long would each explanation session last? "I think we can ask the P.W.s to listen for five or ten minutes." Would P.W.s have to take more than one explanation? He did not think it possible. Would the 90-day explanation period be lengthened, as the Communists demanded? Not unless both sides agreed. (The U.N. does not.) Could his men stop a breakout? Yes, but "with terrible slaughter." Would he stop one?



# GETTING



# THERE



# IS HALF



# THE FUN

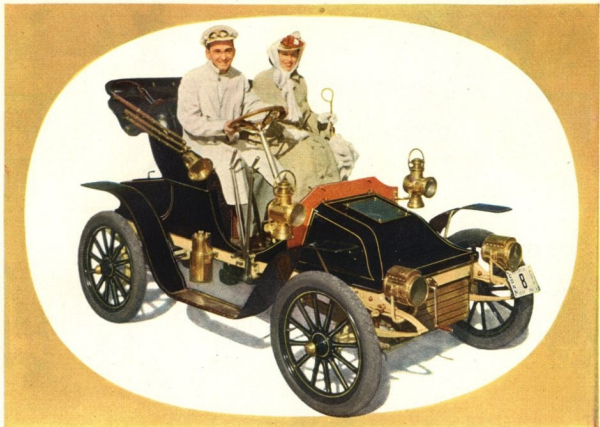
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"If our troops are attacked, we will take such action in self-defense as may be necessary." The questions answered, General Thimayya relaxed. "Now all I need," he said, "is a brandy and soda."

**"Order That Man."** At India's request, the U.S. warned Syngman Rhee against breaking the peace at Indian Village, as South Korea had threatened. The U.N. command pulled back South Korean marines from positions where they could have helped a breakout, and replaced them with U.S. marines.

But India's Nehru, who apparently believes that the U.N. holds the anti-Communist P.W.s under some form of duress, was not convinced at all. "Recent developments," he said in faraway Bombay, "have made me wonder if the U.S. is serious about an armistice . . . One has the suspicion that an attempt is being made, certainly by the South Korean government, to prevent the commission from functioning."

Then Nehru announced his support for one major Communist position, to wit, that there should be "90 clear days" for explanations—90 days after the construction of explanation huts, not 90 days after the transfer of P.W.s to Indian custody, as the armistice specifically ruled. In New Delhi, one of Nehru's senior aides also suggested that the U.S. do more to curb its ally, President Rhee. "What we want," he said, "is an unambiguous statement that the South Koreans are in the wrong and will be kept under control . . . It is for the U.S. to order that man."

**Names & Addresses.** The U.N. position has been further compromised by a monumental U.N. blunder. The U.N. had apparently handed the Indian custodial force a complete list, in English and Chinese, not only of the names, ranks and serial numbers of the P.W.s (which is all they were required to do), but of their parents and home-town addresses as well. If this list passes from the Indian guards to the Polish and Czech members of the commission, the U.N.'s basic principle

of "no forced repatriation" will look sick indeed: the Communists could simply tell the P.W.s, via explainers or the camp grapevine, to return home or accept reprisals against their families.

## INDONESIA

### With Sword & Cutlass

Sumatra, the second largest island in Indonesia, straddles the equator and points northwest into the rolling blue wastes of the Bay of Bengal. On the island's tip, in the province of Atjeh, live about 1,000,000 Achinese, a proud and irritable people, unshakably Moslem, the first Indonesians to embrace Islam in the 11th century and the last to be pacified by the Dutch (1904). Some centuries ago the Achinese were intrepid pirates, raiding Western shipping, and attacking fortified towns in quest of slaves, concubines and booty. In modern times they have been peaceful farmers, fishermen and plantation workers. But they still reach for their weapons when aroused; and last week the Achinese were in bloody revolt against the Indonesian government at Jakarta, on the neighboring (and more populous) island of Java.

The Achinese resented the dominance of Java and of the Javanese in the central government and the government's plain lack of interest in the welfare of outlying provinces. Last summer when a new government was formed at Jakarta, under Prime Minister Ali Sastroamidjojo, the Achinese cup of wrath brimmed over. The new regime was supported by the Communists (though not Communist itself), and no member of the Masjumi (Moslem) Party, Indonesia's largest, was in the cabinet.

**Secession.** The angry Achinese rallied around Teuku Daud Beureuh, a former military governor of Atjeh. Beureuh was in touch with another Moslem rebel, Kartosuwirjo, who had been defying the government for three years from the wilds of West Java. In September, Beureuh seceded from Indonesia—that is, he proclaimed Atjeh a part of an autonomous Islamic state headed by Kartosuwirjo. At the same time 10,000 of his Achinese warriors, wearing homemade black uniforms and brandishing swords, cutlasses, kukris and even kitchen knives, attacked government police and military posts in eleven Atjeh towns. In most cases the rebels ran up against barbed wire and machine guns and were driven back with heavy losses, but with fanatical fury they kept on attacking. The government forces captured 600 and killed 400 more, and announced that the Achinese revolt was under control. They spoke too soon.

**Appeasement.** Last week Indonesia's bullheaded Defense Minister Iwa Kusumasumantri made a quick, one-day visit to the Atjeh battle zone. What he found was that the government held only some stretches of the east-coast railway, a few strong points on the coast, and that Moslems in the government units were defecting to the rebels in large numbers.



Time Map by V. Puglisi

However severely bloodied, Beureuh's Achinese had some strongholds of their own, on the sea and in the mountains. The government showed signs of thinking that appeasement might bring better results than force. Said the *Times of Indonesia*: "The provinces must come into their own." A government spokesman said that a large measure of autonomy was being considered for Atjeh, if only the Achinese would put away their sharp blades.

## HONG KONG

### Flag Poll

Once each year, in October, overseas Chinese wear their hearts on their sleeves, or, more specifically, on their flagpoles. On Oct. 1, the anniversary of the Red conquest, Mao partisans wave the five-starred Communist flag. On Oct. 10, the Nationalist anniversary (called "Double-Ten" because the Chinese Republic was proclaimed in 1911 on the tenth day of the tenth month), the followers of Chiang Kai-shek wave their flags.

Last week in British Hong Kong, which lies within uneasy reach of Communist China, an estimated 150,000 Nationalist flags were courageously displayed on Double-Ten by taxi drivers, shopkeepers, peddlers and other Chinese, putting to shame a spindly showing of some 2,500 Mao flags on the Communists' fourth anniversary ten days earlier. Chinese in nearby Portuguese Macao put out 5,000 Nationalist flags where only 67 Communist flags had flown. In Siam, many Chinese leaders who had been conspicuous fence-sitters attended a holiday reception at the Nationalist embassy, and from Singapore, 128 Chinese associations sent pledges of support to Chiang. "It isn't because the past was memorable," commented Hong Kong's *Truth Daily*. "It's just because the present is so hateful."



International

NEUTRAL GENERAL THIMAYYA  
A principle may look sick.

# THE HEMISPHERE

## GUATEMALA

### Penetration & Power

Misty-eyed defenders of Guatemala's party-lining government regularly point out that, after all, there are really only four Communists among the country's 64 Congressmen. But does that modest statistic truly reflect the extent of Communist penetration and power? Not by the length of Marx's beard—as two deputies to Congress demonstrated last week.

One of them was Francisco Fernández, boss of the majority party in Congress, the Revolutionary Action Party (PAR), which elected President Jacobo Arbenz. PAR is moderately leftist, and "Paco" Fernández is supposed to be no worse than a dilettantish fellow traveler.

One afternoon Paco rose in Congress and said a few kind words for some local Communists. As he warmed to his work, he exclaimed that the Communist Party is Guatemala's "most decent, most honest, most disciplined and most patriotic." Finally, carried away, Paco blurted out that his own party, PAR, is "only a party of transition . . . destined to disappear into the great world Communist Party."

A bloc of other PAR deputies, embarrassed at what they called Paco's "indiscretion," hastily removed him from the party's secretary-generalship. In his place they named Julio Estrada de la Hoz, a member of Guatemala's U.N. delegation. But Estrada de la Hoz, in the judgment of most Guatemalan political observers, is well to the left of Paco Fernández.

While Paco thus provided a glimpse of Red penetration, César Montenegro Paniagua, one of the four Communist deputies, showed Red power. When the workers of the U.S.-owned International Railways of Central America met to consider a strike vote, their own union president took a back seat and Paniagua took charge. Under his deft prodding, the union enthusiastically voted to strike. At



Henry Wallace  
COMRADES CHEDDI & JANET JAGAN  
Flunked: a brainy graduate.

9 o'clock one night last week, engineers tooted the whistles of the 14 locomotives in the Guatemala City yards, and the strike was on.

Within a day, the capital was out of meat and low on gasoline. As though by plan, President Jacobo Arbenz declared an emergency, summoned his Cabinet and seized the road. As trains began to move again, Alfonso Bauer Paiz, who proudly proclaims his hatred of "foreign monopolies," was named government interventor.

## BRITISH GUIANA

### Kicking Out the Communists

Last April, British Guiana, the Kansas-sized land of jungle, mountains and coastal sugar lands that is Britain's only colony on the South American continent, held its first popular elections under a newly granted constitution—and returned the

first openly pro-Communist government ever to hold office in the British Empire. Last week, after six months of mounting frustration over the colony's Red-created unrest and subversive intrigues, Britain suspended the constitution and sent in troops to guarantee public safety. Said Colonial Secretary Oliver Lyttelton: "Her Majesty's government is not willing to allow a Communist state to be organized within the British Commonwealth."

**Chicago Schooling.** Habitually less concerned than Americans about the menace of international Communism, the British had hoped by the example of good manners and management to cool off the hot-head East Indian and Negro leaders elected in backward Guiana. But the crown-appointed governor, Sir Alfred Savage, soon found that the Reds of the victorious People's Progressive Party, holding 18 of 24 seats in the legislature, were too hot to handle. Their Premier was a 33-year-old East Indian dentist named Cheddi Jagan (rhymes with pagan), a rapid-fire orator in both English and Creolise (an abused English spoken in the colony). But the real brains of the Communist movement was his blonde, Chicago-born wife, Janet Rosenberg Jagan, 32.

Alone among Guiana's "Progressives," Janet Jagan, graduate of the U.S. Young Communist League, was trained in international Communism (although she says she now has no Communist Party connections). Daughter of a prosperous plumbing contractor who lived in Chicago and Detroit, she had finished 3½ years of college (Michigan State, Wayne, Detroit), and was a student nurse at Chicago's Cook County Hospital when she met Cheddi Jagan, a dentistry student at Northwestern in 1942. Ditching five other suitors, she married Cheddi, converted him to Marxism, helped him set up practice in British Guiana's capital of Georgetown in 1943.

**Rumania Refresher.** Starting the colony's first women's political group, stumping through the canebrakes to demand better housing for low-paid East Indian sugar workers, slim, serious Janet Jagan soon became the most talked-about woman in British Guiana. "The waiting room of the Jagans' dental office became the meeting place of the discontented, and especially of those who sought independence for the colony. In 1947, after Jagan won a seat in the legislature, the Jagans sparked a bitter sugar strike in which five workers were killed. Founding the Progressive Party, Janet became secretary general and went from village to village making speeches and organizing study and propaganda cells. In 1951, her husband traveled to East Berlin. This year, after their April electoral sweep, Janet left her four-year-old son Joe with her husband and went first to Denmark to address the Copenhagen congress of the Communist-run Women's International Democratic Federation, then on to Rumania.

After Janet got back, Governor Savage



Time Map by R. M. Chapin, Jr.



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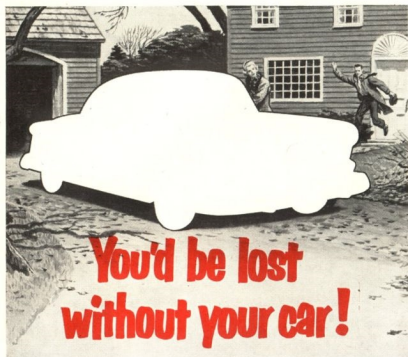
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quickly realized that he could never work successfully with the Reds. As soon as he let them repeal a ban on importing subversive literature, they brought in stocks of Communist propaganda. Then the new ministers fomented another big sugar strike that shut down the colony's main industry. When that petered out, they brought in a bill to force recognition of their Red-led union, and denounced "that man Savage" in open-air rallies. And when Janet Jagan drafted a party declaration demanding that London abolish the governor's control powers and other constitutional checks, the Colonial Office apparently decided that it was faced with a determined Red plot to seize full power.

**London Lesson.** Taking no chances after all the oratorical threats, London ordered 1,600 troops and four warships rushed to the colony. Though news leaked from Bermuda that the cruiser *Superb* had sailed with sealed orders, there was no violence. As the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and Marines fanned out to occupy key points around Georgetown, and the radio announced suspension of the constitution and dismissal of the legislature, Premier Jagan made the understatement of the week: "We are most unhappy about the situation." He and the other Red-tinged ministers were not detained or molested in any way, but the legislature's dismissal had neatly squeezed them out of their jobs.

At first, adopting an air of injured innocence, Jagan & Co. announced that they would take their case to the U.N. and to British opinion. Then they got their second wind, and Janet dashed off a fiery manifesto beginning: "Our country has been invaded by foreign troops . . ." and calling, almost in the same breath, for a general strike, a boycott and nonviolence. In London, a few Labor M.P.s cautiously questioned whether it had been necessary to act quite so forcefully. "Better to be in good time than too late," replied Winston Churchill. That seemed to be exactly the view of the U.S. State Department, which issued a prompt statement declaring itself "gratified" at the "firm action" against a Communist bid for power within the U.S.'s vital strategic zone.

## THE AMERICAS

### Population Explosion

Latin America is in the midst of a "population explosion." Its people are multiplying  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times as fast as the populations in the rest of the world. Right now, the population of Latin America and the Caribbean islands, as tabulated by Washington's Population Reference Bureau (a nonprofit, nongovernmental organization), is some 173 million—just about the same as the U.S. and Canada together. But if present growth rates should continue until the year 2000, Latin America and the West Indies would top the U.S. plus Canada by 550 million to 250 million. Fastest-growing Latin country: Costa Rica, which adds 3.2% a year, slowest, Argentina, with 1.6% (v. the U.S., with 1.7%).



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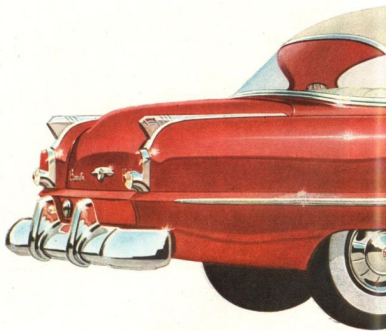
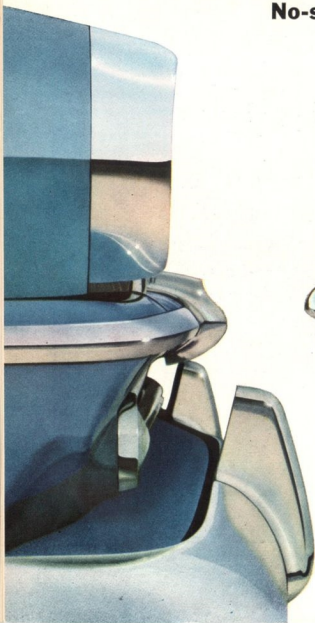


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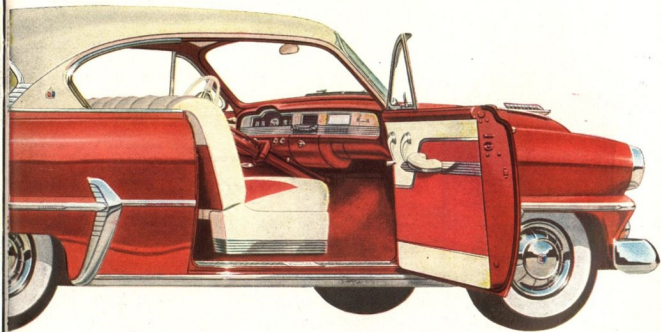
The most beautiful car ever to wear the proud name of Plymouth is on display at your Plymouth dealer's now! The new 1954 Plymouth—a longer car, with exciting new low-sweeping lines a new range of gleaming, gem-like colors! A car with new comfort, exceptional roominess, the charm of "Color-Tuned" Styling, in three sparkling new lines of Plymouth cars —the *Belvedere*, the *Savoy*, and the *Plaza*.



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in the market"*



## PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In Chicago, 250 newspapermen gathered in a hotel ballroom to sing "There is a tower in our town, in our town / And there the Colonel sits him down, sits him down . . ." The harmonizing was in honor of **Colonel Robert R. McCormick**, 73, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, who had been selected as the "Press Vet of 1953" by the Chicago Press Veterans' Association. Wearing a navy blue suit and black-ribboned slip-on pumps, the colonel sipped a Martini as old friends and enemies paid their respects, smiled for the first time when described as "Mr. Midwest American of our generation." The after-dinner treat: the showing of a special movie on the life of the colonel, acclaiming him as "the great Chicago fireball of 1953."

Interviewed in New York, **Earl Browder**, 62, once head of the Communist Party in the U.S. (he was expelled in 1946 because he had zigged when the party line zagged), gave a hazy glimpse of his present place on the political scene: "I'm not very popular today. I never did fit in a pigeonhole. I was not a 100% doctrinaire Communist. Today, I am not a 100% anti-Communist."

At a polling place near Columbia University in Manhattan, one registrant for the Nov. 3 mayoralty election gave her age as 56, her voting address as 60 Morningside Drive. An election inspector filled out the rest of the form for her, writing "First Lady" for business connection and "Washington, D.C." for location of business. **Mamie Eisenhower** had flown up from Washington that morning (hitching

a ride with Air Force Secretary **Harold Talbott** in his Constellation) and intended to go right back. She told newsmen she had signed in as a Republican but balked when asked how she was going to vote: "Oh, I'm not supposed to tell you that."

At a furniture exhibition in Copenhagen, Denmark's brawny, tattooed **King Frederik IX** experimented with packing his six feet five inches into a deck chair. He found it comfortable, but not quite his size.

Mrs. **Oveta Culp Hobby**, Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, complained to Washington newsmen that the triple-jointed name of her department was just too long for comfort. She preferred "Department of



KING FREDERIK IX  
Packing problem.

the General Welfare," taken straight from the preamble to the Constitution ("... provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare . . ."), and, in fact, had originally suggested it to Congress. It got a favorable reception at first, she said, until the matter came before the late Senator **Robert Taft**, foe of the welfare state. He didn't like the title one bit. She recalled his words: "That's what I've been trying to get away from."

Before flying to the U.S. to open the Metropolitan Opera season in *Faust* (Nov. 16), beefy Swedish Tenor **Jussi Björling** was pictured at dinner giving a crayfish his undivided attention. Björling, who began his career as a boy soprano in a family quartet, is celebrating his 25th anniversary as a tenor, his 35th as a singer.

At City College of New York, his alma mater (class of 1889), Elder Statesman **Bernard Baruch** sat in cap & gown at ceremonies renaming the School of Business the **Bernard M. Baruch School of**



K. G. Kristofferson  
JUSSI BJÖRLING  
Growing boy.

**Business and Administration.** After laudatory speeches, Baruch, now 83, stepped up to give his thanks. "As you know, I am quite deaf," he said, "and I did not hear all that was said . . . But I heard enough to make me blush."

Crooning in Birmingham, **Dick Haymes** was asked about his married life with **Rita Hayworth**, eagerly explained how things are: "We both think alike, we like the same things. The only difference between us is that I'm a man and she's a woman."

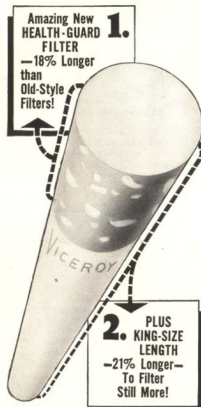
In Chicago, **Ellen Borden Stevenson**, ex-wife of **Adlai Stevenson**, gave a hand to struggling poets. Chairman of the board of *Poetry* magazine (circ. 4,000) and a poetess of sorts herself, she threw open the big Borden mansion (recently a boarding house) on stylish Lake Shore Drive as a center for the arts and a shelter for *Poetry*, whose old home is to be demolished. "*Poetry* was being turned out after 40 years," Landlady Stevenson explained. "[We] hunted all over town. The rents were just too high. Finally, in the middle of the night I said to myself, 'Why don't I have the gumption to rent my own house to myself?' So I did."

Onetime Boxing Great **Henry J. ("Hammering Henry") Armstrong**, who became a Baptist preacher after slugging his way to three world titles at once (feather, light and welterweight) in 1938, swung into San Diego to raise some money for a Baptist Boystown near Los Angeles. The Rev. Henry, 40 and turning a little puffy, reported that he keeps running into old and shady pals from his pugilistic past: "They all say to me, 'Henry, next time you talk to the Lord, could you put in a word for an old chiseler?' And I tell 'em, 'I'll do what I can—considering the Lord's view of chiseling.'"



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## MEDICINE

### Test for Polio Vaccine

Hundreds of thousands of children in different parts of the U.S. will receive experimental shots of polio vaccine early next year, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis announced last week. Plans for the first mass-testing of a vaccine against poliomyelitis are now being made. The shots will have to be given by the end of May so that the vaccine will have time to do its work (if it can) before the epidemic season starts.

"Even if the vaccine tests are successful," said Foundation President Basil O'Connor, "this cannot be known before the end of 1954, so there will be no proven vaccine available next year." Neither will the test vaccine be available for every youngster whose worried parents want it. Test areas will be chosen for scientific reasons, and within those areas the test groups will be picked the same way. Estimated cost of the program: \$7,500,000 of \$26.5 million which the foundation has earmarked for polio prevention. The rest of the money will go for gamma globulin, which O'Connor calls "a stopgap measure" because it can only make polio less severe, not prevent it.

The vaccine, designed to be a true preventive, is made from dead virus by a process developed by the University of Pittsburgh's Dr. Jonas E. Salk (TIME, Feb. 9). Since the first announcement of his work, Dr. Salk said last week, 474 more subjects, both children and adults, have received the vaccine with no ill effects, and in most cases, with a prompt and dramatic increase in the blood-borne antibodies which give protection against polio. Cautious Dr. Salk made no claim that he had found the answer to the perils and paralysis of polio. There may be several ways of producing a safe and inexpensive polio vaccine, he said, but none is yet ready for general use. That goes for his vaccine, too.

### With Gas & Needle

A unique breed of doctors gathered 800 strong in Seattle last week for their annual get-together. They were far younger than the general run of medical specialists—mostly in their 30s—and so devoted to learning that they packed the meeting rooms for no fewer than 84 self-improvement lectures during the week. "They're the damndest eager beavers you ever saw," said an oldster (41) among them. They were the members of the American Society of Anesthesiologists.

Partly because their specialty is relatively new and fast gaining in importance, the anesthesiologists have none of the stuffy dignity of the old-time, frock-coated specialist. They talk freely and colloquially about their work, often lapsing into unprofessional profanity. They have something good and they know it.

The day when an anesthetist was usually an undertrained nurse-technician, who merely slapped a mask on a patient's

face or jabbed a needle into his arm, has passed. Modern anesthesiology has been developed, mainly in the past 15 years, to a complex discipline. In the best medical centers, the anesthesiologist ranks with the internist and the surgeon, has equal responsibility for the patient's care and survival. Said a noted chest surgeon recently: "The anesthesiologist is the forgotten hero. The surgeon gets the glory, but without the anesthesiologist's skill the surgeon wouldn't get very far."

**Finder in the Heart.** In no area of surgery has the anesthesiologist played a more vital role than in operations inside the heart. Ten or 15 years ago, little or nothing could be done for the patient with a constricted mitral valve (usually the result of rheumatic fever). Then surgeons



Severo Antonelli  
PHILADELPHIA'S DR. KEOWN  
At 36, a grand old man.

at Philadelphia's Hahnemann Hospital devised a finger-tip knife for opening the valves. The trick was to do it without killing the patient.

That was where Anesthesiologist Kenneth Keown came in. He devised elaborate techniques for anesthetizing the patients and running sensitive tests during surgery to make sure that they did not slip over the line into permanent oblivion. If their hearts, at best always on the point of failure, showed signs of stopping during the drastic operation, Dr. Keown was ready with a battery of revivers. The surgeon would work better without the nagging fear and responsibility for the patient's minute-to-minute reactions. The Hahnemann team's technique has already saved thousands of lives and is becoming standard the world around.

It was to Dr. Keown that the anesthesiologists looked last week as the grand old man of anesthesia for inside-the-heart surgery. What they saw was a crew-cut man

75

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## Twenty Goats

Men have a natural appreciation for things that are beautifully made—a fine fishing rod, a well-balanced gun, a precision camera—but it is not often that the same enthusiasm can be developed in the matter of clothes. The Cashmere coat is a notable exception. The gentleman shown here would tell you enthusiastically that his navy blue, pure Cashmere overcoat is the softest, richest, handsomest, warmest coat he's ever worn. How it got that way makes an interesting story.

Cashmere fabric is loomed from the soft fleece undercoat of the Asiatic cashmere goat. It takes about a year's yield from twenty goats to make just one coat. The fleece is plucked or combed out by hand, never shorn. But that's only the beginning. It takes the quality tailoring



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**HART  
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of 36, who still looks like the halfback he was in junior college (Graceland, Iowa), only 17 years ago. Appropriately, it was another young giant of anesthesiology, Chicago's Dr. Max Samuel Sadove, 39, who put a capstone on Keown's work. "Ken has shown us the way, and we've followed," said Sadove, who won wide medical acclaim for his work in keeping the Brodie twins alive through many operations, including the one to separate their brains (TIME, Dec. 29).

**Delicate Dozens.** With their own adaptation of Dr. Keown's technique, surgical teams at the University of Illinois hospitals have performed 200 operations on the mitral valve without a single death in the operating room (and few deaths afterward), Dr. Sadove reported. Then he spelled out the dozens of delicate steps which the anesthesiologist takes in each such case. The key steps give a good idea of how far anesthesiology has advanced beyond the mask-and-needle stage.

The patient is given barbiturates the night before the operation. In the morning, he first gets meperidine and atropine. In the operating room, needles are placed in the veins, and glucose solution is given (if the heart is especially irritable, procaine as well). Anesthesia proper begins with injections of thiopental and a muscle relaxant of the curare family;\* at the same time, oxygen is given by mask. A tube is slipped down the patient's throat, into his windpipe, and he gets his oxygen that way while respiration, pulse and circulation are carefully checked.

Ether is put through the tube to produce deep anesthesia. (Oxygen is still being given.) If the pulse rate drops below 60, the anesthesiologist injects atropine. Procaine is injected into the rib cage and around the heart, and, finally, as the surgeon lays the heart bare, into the heart itself. Only then is the actual operation of widening the valve performed. The anesthesiologist injects lidocaine to block the nerves of the rib cage. As the wound is being closed, he twirls the knobs on the anesthesia machine to give a mixture of nitrous oxide and oxygen. The patient's bed is brought to the operating room, so that he can continue to receive oxygen and intravenous infusions while on his way to the recovery room. To relieve pain after he regains consciousness, he gets meperidine. (But not enough to relieve all pain because, says Dr. Sadove, that would also eliminate the cough reflex, "the watch-dog and clean-up man of the chest.") Oxygen is usually discontinued within a couple of days. With that, the anesthesiologist's task is done.

**Small-Arms Fire.** Few operations present so great a challenge as those inside the heart. But, in Dr. Sadove's view, the distinction between major and minor surgery disappears when anesthesia is employed, because anesthetics are such powerful and dangerous substances that their



Bert Glinn

CHICAGO'S DR. SADOVE  
Close the wound, twirl the knobs.

every use is a major medical event. That is why the anesthesiologist is called in on the case early, perhaps to help the internist and surgeon decide whether an operation is feasible. That is why, during the operation, the anesthesiologist is responsible for the patient's general welfare, beyond the immediate area where the surgeon is working—and if he says so, the surgeon must stop.

The greatest problems of heart surgery have cemented the relationship between surgeons and anesthesiologists so that now they tend to work more closely in many other types of cases. Dr. Sadove, who spent four wartime years in U.S. Army hospitals in England, likes to use a military metaphor: "The small-arms fire of the anesthesiologist joins the spy system of the lab to back up the surgeon's big artillery in a coordinated attack to conquer disease."

### Capsules

Coronary patients who think they can stave off further attacks by unnatural idleness are mistaken, said Manhattan's Dr. Arthur M. Master. Of 2,200 heart attacks, he found, 23% occurred during sleep, 29% while at rest, 24% during mild activity, 13% during walking at an ordinary pace, 9% during moderate activity and only 2% during unusual exertion.

Basing his judgment more on "clinical sense" than on statistical proofs, Boston's Dr. Richard H. Overholt advised: "If you have a family history of cancer of any kind, don't smoke, but if you have no family history of cancer, you can probably inhale smoke with less risk."

Grafts of arteries from calves and pigs have been successful in four human patients, Washington's Dr. Charles A. Hufnagel told the American College of Surgeons. The grafts "took" long enough for the patients' own arteries to grow and fill the gap.

\* For using himself as a guinea pig to test the derivatives of the deadly arrow poison, curare, and many other drugs, Dr. Sadove is a charter member of the Walter Reed Society.





## Where splendour falls on castle walls

**B**LOW, BUGLE, BLOW! This is the grim, scarred fortress of Dunluce on the coast of Northern Ireland, ancient stronghold of warrior kings named MacQuillan, O'Neill and Sorley Boy Macdonnell. Dunluce is another testament to Britain's fierce, rugged past. For cross reference, see Stirling Castle in Scotland where crumbled walls still echo the battle cry of Wallace's men. Or proud Harlech in Wales, inspiration for the stirring Welsh anthem "Men of Harlech, on to glory." You'll find a castle for every mood in Britain. Gloomy, frowning castles with battlements still haunted by the ghosts

of murdered kings. Or story book castles like Sir Walter Scott's Kenilworth and Tintagel, legendary birthplace of King Arthur. Romantic castles? There's Royal Windsor itself, which Samuel Pepys called "the most romantique castle that is in the world"—and where, arriving for her honeymoon, Queen Victoria wrote in *her* diary "I and Albert alone, at last." All told there are hundreds of castles to see in Britain, each with its own fascinating story. And this includes Culzean, President Eisenhower's Scottish home during the war years. So see your Travel Agent now and Come to Britain.

For further information, see your Travel Agent or write British Travel Association, Box 21, 336 Madison Ave., N.Y. 17

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## THE PRESS

### Headline of the Week

In the *Washington Post*:

CANADA SEEN  
BUILDING NO  
FLYING SAUCER

### Crime & Punishment

New York *Daily News* Columnist John O'Donnell, who yields to few men in his use of savage political invective, last week turned his pen to a matter far from politics. In the midst of the angry nationwide editorial and public uproar over the kidnapping and murder of six-year-old Bobby Greenlease (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), Columnist O'Donnell gave his recommendations for the type of punishment needed to fit the crime. Wrote O'Donnell: "Cruel and unusual punishment [for these criminals], as prolonged as medical skill can accomplish, and as ferocious and merciless as tales of ancient torture can conceive, imposed publicly before all criminals and suspects in Yankee Stadium and brought by TV to every reformatory, jailhouse and parole-board hearing room, might instill [in others] some restraining fear of inevitable punishment."

"The bleeding hearts and do-gooders naturally will come up with sob-sister cries [that this is] inhumane and terrifying punishment . . . To all of which we say nuts . . . Speed of punishment, of course, is important. Not so much so, perhaps, as [its] infliction—publicly, brazenly, and in most terrifying detail."

As an added deterrent to such crimes, where the criminal often turns out to have a long police record, O'Donnell also makes the "serious proposal that any member of a federal, state or county parole board, or any judge who recommends a pardon or commutation of sentence, or any President who springs a federal prisoner or restores citizenship, shall, in the event the convicted criminal commits a crime after his release, be tossed automatically into the jailhouse to serve the same term as that imposed on the criminal he has improperly released."

### The Kitchen Department

In U.S. dailies, few staffers exert more direct influence on readers than the food editor; only the front page and the comics have a bigger readership. Last week 133 of these influential newshens (130) and newsmen (three) gathered at Chicago's Drake Hotel for their tenth annual meeting, where they ate their way through as many as nine meals and snacks a day, dutifully reported on them for their papers. No one was more conscious of their influence than the 31 U.S. food companies who set the tables for them, filled them with food, and garnished the meals with compliments. "It is you who took the lumps out of oatmeal," glowed Wilson & Company Inc.'s President James D. Cooney. "and showed the housewife there can be something to a meal besides broiled

meat and fried potatoes. You have been responsible for making eating an adventure." Food Columnist Eleanor Richey Johnston of the *Christian Science Monitor* knew the compliment was deserved. "It's quite clear," said she, "that a great number of women use us as bibles."

**Food Aflame.** The food columnist would also rightly take much of the credit for the revolution in the American kitchen—the use of more herbs and spices, cheeses for dessert, "bowling" salads in open view of the guests, barbecuing almost everything. The New York *Herald Tribune's* Clementine Paddleford, whose Sunday *This Week* column appears all over the U.S., reported that housewives in her home territory, Manhattan, Kans., are turning to gourmet dishes barely a

'pinch' of this and a 'dash' of that."

Some papers provide their editors with elaborate test kitchens, but most food writers try their recipes at home, must be ready to answer the phone at all hours to rescue a distraught hostess trapped in mid-soufflé. Says Louisville *Courier-Journal's* Cissy Gregg: "They call me sometimes at 2 or 3 a.m. and say 'Look, I'm making such and such and this is where I am. Now what's next?'"

### A Day at the Races

Although it is published in Garden City, Long Island, a quiet suburb 20 miles from the bustle of Manhattan, Alicia Patterson's tabloid *Newsday* (circ. 180,964) has never been content to lead the quiet life of a suburbanite. Almost two months ago, when Yonkers Raceway's Labor Boss Tommy Lewis was murdered by a hired gunman (*TIME*, Oct. 5), *Newsday* said



FOOD EDITORS IN CHICAGO\*  
They took the lumps out of oatmeal.

Arthur Siegel

step behind amateur cooks in her adopted town. "Everybody wants to do flame cooking," said she. "And in Chicago, they want the flame three feet high. I always look for a fire escape."

Other food trends noted by Columnist Paddleford: the elimination of an appetizer at dinner parties ("It's no disgrace at all to serve dinner without a first course"); filling guests awaiting dinner with cold soup from a cocktail shaker; casserole dishes that "don't spoil if the crowd gets a little high."

**Out of This World.** Wartime travel, the food editors agreed, whetted men's palates for new tastes, brought demands for dishes grandma never dreamed of. "When they telephone us," said the Dallas *Times-Herald's* Dorothy Sinz, "they ask for specifics. Grandma's recipes aren't any good any more—nor, for that matter, was grandma's food ever very good." Recipes submitted by readers are also better and more precise. "no longer [say just] a

pointedly: the Yonkers trotting track is "40 miles from [Long Island's] Roosevelt Raceway, but only inches separate [them] in operating procedure." *Newsday* knew what it was talking about. Unheeded by other papers or by state officials, *Newsday* had been loudly hammering away for more than three years at corruption at the Long Island track in Nassau County. Last week *Newsday's* three-year-long campaign finally paid off with a blaze of Page One stories in the Manhattan dailies on one of the biggest state scandals in years. As a result, ten Roosevelt track and union officials were indicted for "extortion," and Governor Thomas E. Dewey named a special state committee to investigate corruption in harness racing.

Among those indicted was *Newsday's*

\* Wilmington *Journal-Evening* and *New's* Eleanor Parrish, Louisville *Courier-Journal's* Cissy Gregg, Portland *Oregon Journal's* Catharine Laughton.





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biggest target: Long Island's longtime Building Trades Boss (A.F.L.) William De Koning, "just about the richest labor leader in the world," who had got control of the raceway's three key unions (parimutuel clerks, police protection force, maintenance employees). De Koning's lawyer angrily placed the blame for his client's trouble, and gave *Newsday* the accolade it had waited for. Said he: "The bitter personal hatred of Union Organizer William De Koning by the managing editor of *Newsday*, Mr. Alan Hathway, has resulted . . . in scurrilous attacks on [my client]. New York newspapers were finally influenced in the publication of the attack by their constant repetition in *Newsday*."

"I Ain't Afraid of No One," Managing Editor Hathway's campaign against De Koning was hardly personal. Ever since he came to *Newsday* eleven years ago from the New York *Daily News*, Hathway has been deluged with tips and complaints about De Koning's rough, highhanded labor tactics. When De Koning ("I ain't afraid of no one") moved in to take over control of the raceway's employees, Hathway set his reporters to work. *Newsday* discovered that De Koning's union members, to hold their jobs at the track, were forced to kick back part of their salaries, buy tickets at exorbitant prices to dances and dinners laid on by De Koning, and buy \$50-a-page ads in the union's journal, owned by De Koning. *Newsday* also publicized De Koning's ownership of the Labor Lyceum, a bar, restaurant and hall where labor functions were held and where the kickbacks were collected.

The story didn't stop with De Koning. *Newsday* told how the Roosevelt owners, led by Racketeer Lucky Luciano's onetime lawyer, George Morton Levy, got control of the Yonkers track. In a byline copy-right interview with Hathway, Lawyer Levy admitted his group had lobbied a law through the New York State legislature that prevented the Yonkers track from getting a harness-racing franchise, thus forcing it to sell control at a low price (estimated at \$2,000,000) to the Roosevelt group. Among the Roosevelt-Yonkers owners: Nassau County Republican Boss J. Russel Sprague (who paid only \$80,000 for stock now worth \$400,000), two ex-members of the district attorney's staff, and Publisher James E. Stiles, owner of the defunct Nassau *Daily Review-Star*, *Newsday's* opposition. *Newsday* also broke the news that Labor Boss De Koning posed as a "nephew" and visited Sing Sing prison for conferences with Joe Fay, racketeering labor boss of New York-New Jersey building trades, who is serving a term for extortion.

No Need to Fear. When the murder at the Yonkers track got other Manhattan papers interested in the harness-racing scandals, *Newsday* was ready. It had already turned its evidence over to the New York City Anti-Crime Committee, which handed it out to other papers to use in digging up their own stories. The New York *Journal-American* discovered that Acting Lieutenant Governor Arthur Wicks, along with other prominent officials, had



Martha Holmes  
PUBLISHER PATTERSON & EDITOR HATHWAY  
Hammering in the suburbs.

also visited Labor Racketeer Fay in Sing Sing (*TIME*, Oct. 12). As a result, Dewey asked Wicks to resign. Wicks offered to "let the Senate pass upon my fitness." In its zeal, the *J-A* was also slightly embarrassed. Among the stockholders of the Yonkers track was the paper's own sports columnist, Lewis Burton, who doubled as the track's publicity man. Burton was promptly dropped by the *J-A*, and Manhattan newspapermen gossiped that other sportswriters were also on paper payrolls.

While every Manhattan paper raced for its own exclusive to keep ahead of official disclosures, *Newsday* patted itself on the back for its spadework: "Labor Carr Bill De Koning has been indicted . . . Scores of persons who have felt . . . De Koning's wrath have written this paper anonymously. They no longer need to fear."

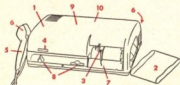
## The Awful Truth

In Los Angeles, where it has been exposing the "Saloon Empire—Shame of California," last week the tabloid *Mirror* (circ. 224,438) exposed more than it planned, thanks to its rival, the *Daily News* (188,453). "Names were named" boasted the *Mirror*, in a "sizzling, sensational" installment, proving that dozens of favored Californians are buying liquor licenses, for the purpose of reselling them to others who have been unable to buy them from the state. Next day the *News* added a name to the *Mirror's* exclusive list: the *Mirror's* own Hollywood gossip columnist, Florabel Muir, who bought a liquor license this year for \$525, then sold it four months later on the "black market" for \$6,300. Crowned the *News*: "The whole truth is more amazing than *Mirror* readers have been told . . . It seems that [Florabel Muir's] name somehow escaped the attention of the *Mirror* men and without [her name] the *Mirror's* 'amazing truth' can't be called anything but amazing." This week in place of her usual column in the *Mirror*, there appeared only four words: "Florabel Muir has resigned."



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## ART

### Gallery on Wheels

A big 45-ft. aluminum trailer truck rumbled into Fredericksburg, Va. one day this week and parked near an elementary school. Outside it looked like any ordinary truck, but the inside was unusual: it contained a small, well-stocked art gallery. The truck was Virginia's new "artmobile," the U.S.'s first art gallery on wheels. Its purpose: to bring great art to people who ordinarily never set foot inside a museum.

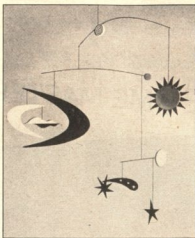
Built for the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond, the truck cost \$40,000, has a display area of 32 ft. by 7 ft., air-conditioning, an intricate burglar alarm, special wall clamps and brackets to keep pictures and sculpture from bouncing around on rough country roads. After dedication ceremonies in Fredericksburg, people started to file into the exhibit 20 at a time (admission free). Over the truck's P.A. system came 17th century harpsichord music to set the mood for the show, followed by a recorded lecture. On exhibit were sixteen 15th to 17th century Dutch and Flemish paintings, including such masterpieces as Hieronymus Bosch's *Temptation of St. Anthony*, Albrecht Dürer's *Men in a Landscape*, Pieter Bruegel's *The Carnival*. Next week the artmobile will take off on a statewide tour (possibly three years) with stops planned so that no Virginian will have to travel more than 15 miles to see the show. At the wheel: Curator-Driver William Gaines, Virginia Museum art expert who trained for his job by taking lessons in truck driving from a Richmond express firm.

### Mobilization

Americans, who love motion, have taken sculpture off its pedestal and put it, swinging and swaying, into the air. Ever since Connecticut's brilliant Alexander Calder first exhibited mobiles\* in 1932, the oddly shaped, delicately balanced contraptions of wood, metal or plastic have been suspended in the more modern-minded museums. Until recently, hardly anyone thought of these dangling doodles as suitable for the living room. But this year, with artists designing mobiles for commercial production, they seem to be growing into a national fad. A whole new minor industry is turning out thousands every day, from \$1 up. Among the more interesting:

♣ Gay, simple cartoonlike models, such as trains reminiscent of Cartoonist Rowland Emmett's famed rickety railways in *Punch*; and "Sky," in which a pair of crescent moons dance around a coronacircled sun and lesser heavenly bodies

\* The idea of moving decorations is ancient, *e.g.*, fluttering Chinese toys and streamers, the revolving cock or horse on weathervanes. But Calder pioneered the use of motion in a pure art form. The name "mobile" was first applied to his work in 1932 by French Painter Marcel (Nude Descending a Staircase) Duchamp.



"Sky"  
In the home, dangling doodles.

(\$3.95 each, produced by Pace Design Studios, Chicago).

♣ Seasonal groups, such as "Santa," featuring a robust St. Nick, a reindeer and a star-carrying angel, all suspended from a crescent moon; and "Spring," a versatile, pastel ménage of rabbits, flowers, birds and butterflies (\$1 and \$1.95, Scamanda Mobiles, Manhattan).

♣ Decorative abstractions, such as Sculptor Marchal Brown's "Tapered Quills," looking like giant buffalo teeth strung on an Indian brave's necklace (\$33, Gotham Lighting Corp., New York City).

♣ Elegant, modernistic fish in contrastingly colored woods, handmade by Connecticut Sculptor Clark Voorhees (\$270, Hansen, Manhattan).

♣ Children's mobiles, with figures from



FRANCIS BACON  
In the void, writhing pain.

nursery rhymes (\$3.95, Spacecraft, Detroit); "Rocket" and a "Circus" collection of acrobats and animals (\$2.50 and \$2, Modern Toy Co., Chicago). Explains one manufacturer of nursery mobiles: "They have a beautifully soothing effect on kids."

♣ A new wrinkle: kits from which amateurs can design and assemble their own mobiles (\$7.50, MobiProducts, Bloomington, Ind.). Experts' advice to automobilists: models that are balanced too carefully will not move easily; a good mobile should sway in the updraft from any mild cocktail party argument or even the softest gurgle from the crib.

### Snapshots from Hell

NEXT week one of Manhattan's 57th Street galleries will turn itself into a chamber of horrors. The occasion: the first U.S. show of British Painter Francis Bacon,\* who is responsible for perhaps the most original and certainly the ghastliest canvases to appear in the past decade. Bacon has brought the finicky satanism of Aubrey Beardsley, Britain's famed Victorian horror dabbler, up to date, but he tops Beardsley as surely as, in literature, Franz Kafka topped Poe.

Stars of Bacon's Manhattan show: five purplish ultramarine cardinals, including those opposite. Painter Bacon says he has nothing against cardinals: "Really I just wanted an excuse to use those colors, and you can't give ordinary clothes that purple color without getting into a sort of false fauve manner." The fact that cardinals do not wear robes—or faces—that kind of purple troubles him not a whit.

Bland, boyish and 42, Bacon lives in London, vacations in Riviera gambling halls. Among his pet subjects in the past were visceral creatures squatting on table tops, elephants in the veldt, misty male nudes and bloody-fanged dogs, all glazed with horror. Critical reaction to Bacon's art has been a rather alarmed "Splendid!" Wrote London Critic Eric Newton: "Mr. Bacon contrives to be both unforgettable and repellent . . . [This] requires genius—an unhappy, desperate kind of genius."

Bacon approaches his subjects in the grand manner; he isolates each one, gives it lots of room in a big canvas and paints it with virtuoso brilliance and economy. Perhaps his chief distinction is that he captures in painting the quality of disembodied urgency, of pain writhing in a void, that is peculiar to many news pictures of violent death (for source material, Bacon collects old newspaper photographs, preferably of crimes and accidents). Bacon has a trick of veiling faces with a wispy scumble of paint that creates an illusion of motion, like a photograph in which the subject moved his head. This forces the spectator to peer closely at the picture; he becomes involved, drawn into the darkness.

\* Who "neither knows nor cares" whether he is descended from the great British philosopher of the same name.



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# THE THEATER

## New Play in Manhattan

**The Little Hut** (adapted from Andre Roussin's play by Nancy Mitford) was a great hit in London, where it ran for three years. In traveling to Broadway, it has suffered a decided sea change; it has almost the look, in fact, of something that fell in the water.

The play has to do with a husband, his wife and her lover (Roland Culver, Anne Vernon, Colin Gordon) shipwrecked on a tropical island. For impudent light comedy, there could be no brighter situation to start off with, and no tougher one to follow up. The moves may be almost as clearly indicated as in chess, but as in chess there can be tedious waits between them. In *The Little Hut*, first the bland



Vandomm

ROLAND CULVER & ANNE VERNON  
Wanted: a lurch toward madness.

British husband is carefully told what goes on, then the obliging wife is openly shared. The lover, in the process, turns as growlsome as a husband, the husband grows gay as a lark; and in due course, a third gentleman appears and enters the lists (and the hut) with the lady.

The marooned party finally catch a boat, but the play distinctly misses it. The play fails less, perhaps, because its joke never really expands than because it never really effervesces; there is never that sudden overflow whereby a comedy of situation rips wildly into farce, or a comedy of manners lurches hilariously toward madness. The play remains part of a fashionable tradition which slices its amusement as paper-thin as its sandwiches, and—for success—demands a special type of flawless acting. In London, with Robert Morley, Joan Tetzel and David Tomlinson, *The Little Hut* presumably had it; but on Broadway an uninspired cast makes for unamusing castaways.



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# EDUCATION

## Boys & Girls Together

(See Cover)

"Nobody warned me about a thing before I went to a near-slum district in Brooklyn," the young schoolteacher said. "I was full of ideals, and after six months I was certain I just couldn't stand another day of it. I made myself sick—I told myself that my ideals wouldn't be worth much if I didn't fight for them, and I stayed on for four years before I gave up. I learned a lot of things about teaching that aren't in the books. In a high school like ours, you have a few tough ones and a few vicious ones in almost every class, and you have to watch them every second or they will take over your control of the others. If they do, you're lost."

"They're easy to spot the first day. The

yell at you. You must never stand near them and never, never touch them—hated for a teacher is part of their code and they must react or lose face if you do. You must never present them with ultimatums. But you must never cater to them in the slightest and never lie to them—they can sense fear or phoniness like animals. Your job is to keep them quiet while you teach those who can be taught. I don't know why, but they are especially difficult on Fridays, on rainy days or any time the temperature is above 80 degrees."

**The Struggle.** More than a million children of every station and every national background are living today in that enormous arena, the metropolis of New York City. The city, which stifles thousands of them in jammed tenements and garbage-littered lots, also attempts, with genuine

strata of the city's big professional, business and intellectual communities, a man not only loses face, but is likely to be considered downright heartless if he democratically consigns his offspring to a public school. Brigades of men & women who love the city for its theaters, shops and bridge-laced distances move to the suburbs each year because their young have reached school age. More than 335,000 children of those who stay on are side-tracked to parochial or private schools, although the strain of paying the bill at Miss Jones's Academy for Young Ladies of Good Family may all but shatter the family finances.

There are reasons for this mania to escape from an institution which is the pride and joy of other U.S. cities and towns. While school-age hoodlums are the small minority of students in New York, their precocious propensity for vandalism, gang "rumbles," narcotics, sex orgies and extortion make them an eternal menace in many a school. Even in quieter districts, the public-school child is still gulped up by the world's most enormous<sup>9</sup>—and in many ways its most faceless and impersonal—educational system. He becomes simply one, by this autumn's figures, of 934,105 students. "At home," said one new boy, "I knew everybody. Down here nobody would even come to my funeral."

**Warehouses & Mops.** New York's tall (6 ft. 3 in.), calm, Cadillac-borne School Superintendent William Jansen presides over a plant, a payroll and a complicated executive bureaucracy which might startle even a Detroit motormaker. The school system owns and operates 816 schools (which, with warehouses, shops, and twelve office buildings, have a total replacement value of \$2 billion), a 20-acre farm and a Liberty ship (on which selected high-school students are trained as seamen, marine engineers and stewards).

The system employs 51,201 people—among them, 37,600 teachers, 772 custodians, 402 truant officers and hundreds of clerks, mechanics, architects, engineers and elevator operators. Many of its subsidiary works, such as legal condemnation of land for new schools and the purchase of supplies (411,500 rolls of toilet paper, \$18,965 wet mops, \$6,900,000 worth of books and school equipment every year) are big businesses in themselves.

Although the total floor space devoted to New York schools equals that of 20 Empire State Buildings or ten Pentagons, the system is overcrowded, understaffed and eternally in need of maintenance and new construction. The newest of New York schools are as handsomely conceived and well built as any in the U.S., but the worst are dark, prisonlike antiques which stand wall-to-wall with brick tenements and factory buildings, and offer little play space other than the littered and noisy



Gordon Parks—Life

### SLUM CHILDREN'S CARD GAME

An arena, a jungle and a steppingstone for new masses.

boys wear pistol pants and a lot of them have colored jackets with their gang names on the back. The girls, in Brooklyn anyhow, wear a sort of uniform, too—heavy make-up, long black hair (they dye it if it isn't dark), long, dangling earrings and low shoes that tie halfway up to the knee. But you'd know anyhow—they sit watching you like snakes, waiting for the first sign of weakness. It's frightening when you know that some of the boys carry switchblade knives. There's always a first test. One of them will start yelling, or singing, or jumping over chairs, or begin saying something unmistakably plain about, well . . . your legs.

"You must remember that none of these children want to be in school. They do not want to learn. They already belong to the streets. They know you cannot punish them physically or expel them. You must never raise your voice to them—if you argue, you are conceding their right to

compassion and real hope, to educate them and to fit them for useful, decent, even happy lives. It is not a simple or idyllic process: the classroom struggle for the minds and hearts of New York's young is as complex, as baffling and painful as the struggle for gain and survival which goes on in the perpendicular jungles of masonry outside.

In a sense, the two struggles are not separate at all. The city's cynicism, its vast impersonality, its conflicting, multiracial prejudices, its respect for luck and ruthlessness are inevitably stamped on the minds of its children, and invade the classroom with them. Nowhere are the problems of mass education more dramatically evident than in New York City.

Thousands of its long-established citizens as well as thousands of startled newcomers from the outlands recoil each year at the prospect of sending their own flesh & blood to the public schools. In some

<sup>9</sup> Tokyo boasts a bigger public-school enrollment—1,200,000—although New York's public and private school total is larger, and the physical and financial assets of the municipal system far exceed those of the Japanese capital. Other big city enrollments: Moscow, 650,000; Greater London, 418,000; Chicago, 510,000.



streets. Over a hundred are more than 50 years old; many are older.

**Half-Won Battle.** The battered, sprawling and endlessly criticized New York school system dramatizes the failures and difficulties of mass education, but it also dramatizes many of its triumphs and hopes. Its faults and sins are largely those of the enormous city around it, but it does not accept them with equanimity. In a sense, it attempts an all but impossible role. For more than a century and a half, as the catalyst in the greatest U.S. melting pot, New York's schools have been assaulted by wave on wave of immigrants from abroad and have been forced to spread their light amidst squalor, machine politics, and fogs of apathy, racial prejudice and ignorance.

In its long, half-won battle, it has never accepted Nietzsche's contention that education in large states must inevitably be mediocre. It has rejected the spirit of Michel de Montaigne's bitter witicism; an inept child should be strangled "if there are no witnesses, or else . . . apprenticed to a pastry-cook in some good town." But harsh reality has often forced it to modify the classical educational concepts in order to give its raw levees of children some simple understanding of the language, of the country and its ideals, and of their duties as citizens.

This basic process still goes on. In the last ten years, an airborne migration of one-third of a million Puerto Ricans has invaded New York and jammed Harlem to the last mean, overcrowded corner of its last mean, cold-water flat. The school system still creaks under the unexpected strain of this new and wrenching load. The financial and legal difficulties involved in condemning property and building new schools are staggering. So is the task of fitting the newcomers into their strange new world. More than a thousand teachers, for instance, have learned Spanish simply to be able to communicate with parents of their new charges and attempt some explanation of what New York—and the U.S.—hopes from them.

Most of those who labor among the Puerto Ricans, like most of the other thousands of New York teachers, are themselves products of the city's public schools. Decade after decade the system has not only educated the new masses but provided the steppingstones toward social and intellectual advancement for their sons & daughters. A big percentage of today's teachers are Jewish; many of them studied under second or third generation Irishmen who had gone to school in turn under the sons of Englishmen or Germans. Negro teachers are increasing in New York; in another generation, Puerto Ricans will take their place in the schools.

**Children of the Poor.** For all its imperfections, the New York system has come a long and difficult way in the century and a half since its forerunner, the Free School Society, was established by public subscription to educate the children of the poor. The school used the Lancasterian method—a system by which children taught younger students, and were



Richard Meek

STUDENT COOKS, FOOD TRADES VOCATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL  
Despite jostling vulgarity, evil is confounded.

in turn taught by older students, thus making it possible, at least in theory, for one teacher to educate 500 pupils at a total annual expenditure of but \$5 a head.

The free schools were soon superseded by a city system dedicated to education for all. But generations of illiterates lived and died before this idealistic concept was even close to fulfillment. During periods in the 1800s, the city tripled its population every generation. In uptown areas "splendid squares and streets are opening on every side," but amid the slums of Five Points thousands of "wretched outcasts" slept in ragged piles amid "a rubbish of bones and dirt," and "swarms of . . . barefooted, unbreeched little tatterdemalions" ran the muddy lanes like animals. As late as 1890, thousands of children of Jewish and Bohemian immigrants were "working at cigarmaking or needlework as soon as their little fingers could master a detail"—or were living by "thievery or . . . prostitution."

Trying to educate these swarming children of the poor and the ignorant was not a simple or often a popular task. Compulsory attendance did not really become a hard fact until the early 1900s. Until 1928, students were allowed to quit school at 14 (the present age: 17). But the schools grew nevertheless, and in growing were moved to both experiment and reform. Corporal punishment was condemned in 1850—an era when most U.S. schoolmasters, as a matter of course, still whipped by the chart (one lash for every foot above three climbed up a tree, two lashes for blotting a copybook). New York instituted night schools in 1847, children's classes in hygiene and sanitation in 1885, in sewing, cooking and manual training in 1887, lectures for workmen in 1888.

From these small adventures in utilitarian education, it has set out in the last half-century to accomplish a dizzying task—to embrace, instruct and elevate every child and seeking adult of all classes, all



Tommy Weber

THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE, PUBLIC SCHOOL 196  
Even when it rains, a light in the fog.

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SUPERINTENDENT & MRS. JANSEN  
With compassion and delicate balance.

tricately inlaid tables fitted by his father's hands), endured hard times and planned better lives for his children. Jansen, a big, strong boy, knew what he wanted to do soon after he entered Grammar School No. 60 in The Bronx. He liked school. He decided to stay there.

New York's first daytime high schools had been completed for only three years when he finished grammar school in 1900. He went to Morris High School. He went on to Columbia University's Teachers College, the academic nest in which John Dewey hatched his theories of progressive education (theories which the New York school system began adopting after World War I and from which Middle-of-the-Roader Jansen still cautiously borrows today). He went back to the public schools as a teacher, married a fellow teacher—a vivacious physical education instructor named Frances Allan—and in 45 years of ambitious and dedicated endeavor has risen to the top of the system's intricate hierarchy.

It took Mayor Bill O'Dwyer ten long months to get around to giving Bill Jansen his blessing to run the schools back in 1947—ten months in which the Board of

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## TIME CLOCK

& Co., \$8,000,000 from Webb & Knapp.

For Webb & Knapp, the buildings, all fully rented, will bring in an estimated \$2,000,000 a year before taxes. Moreover, says Zeckendorf, the skyscrapers will be more profitable under one control; costs can be cut, possibly by a private power and heating plant for all three, and tenants can shift around more easily in the different buildings, according to their needs. He also plans to improve the buildings, starting out by air-conditioning the Chrysler and Graybar.

The Chrysler deal was not the only big deal for Zeckendorf last week. He also paid about \$7,000,000 for Manhattan's stodgy old (116 years) James McCreery department store, owned by Associated Dry Goods Corp., which controls the Lord & Taylor stores. He got the building, fixtures and equipment (but not the inventory), began looking around for "a real big operator" to lease it to. At week's end, he thought he had just the operator: Manhattan's Ohrbach's (TIME, Dec. 13, 1948), a fast-growing Union Square store that has been thinking of moving uptown. The deal, said he, was "very close."

### CREDIT

#### Easier Credit

The tight-money market is loosening fast. Last week, after two months of steadily declining interest rates for its short-term borrowing, the Treasury sold \$1.5 billion in 91-day bills at a rate of 1.39%, lowest in 21 years. The new rate was not much more than half of the peak of 2.41% reached early in June.

Other signs of easier credit:

■ General Motors Acceptance Corp., Commercial Credit Co. and C.I.T. Financial Corp.—the "big three" of the finance business—last week cut the interest rates they pay for short-term loans to 2½% and 2½%. This was ½% below the peak rates, set in May.

■ On the open market, the Treasury's 3½% bonds moved to a record high of 103 6/32 bid, up nearly 5 points from their low set in June.

■ President Emanuel M. Spiegel of the National Association of Home Builders told a meeting of N.A.H.B. directors in New Orleans that there are "hopeful signs" of a letup in the mortgage money pinch, though the easing had not reached "the builder end of the credit pipeline."

### WALL STREET

#### The Quinby Plan

"Buy stocks the same way you buy gasoline for your car—by the dollar's worth." With this slogan, Rochester's H. (for Henry) Dean Quinby Jr., 55, has sold \$6,850,000 worth of stock to members of his "Quinby Plan." Last week Quinby's plan got the biggest boost in its 15-year history. Eastman Kodak Co. announced that it is setting up a voluntary payroll

**C**CHEAPER titanium, the wonder metal used in jet engines, is on the way. Monsanto Chemical Co. and Massachusetts' National Research Corp. have developed a speedy new process which bypasses the intermediate step of converting ore into titanium "sponge," instead produces titanium crystals that can be melted directly into ingots. The government is about ready to let a long-term purchase contract, lend a good part of the estimated \$60 million needed for a mass production plant.

**C**ONRAD Hilton, who purchased Manhattan's famed Hotel Plaza in 1943 for \$7,400,000, will sell it for \$15 million to an East Coast group headed by Boston Hotelman A. M. Sonnabend. But Hilton, who hated to give up the profitable hotel but thought "the opportunity too good to resist," will leave the hotel back for \$3,750,000 for 2½ years.

**H**ELICOPTERS will soon be used by National Airlines to feed traffic into its Tampa terminal. National has bought one seven-passenger Sikorsky S-55, may buy two more. It thus hopes to have a big head start in operating experience when 30-to-45 passenger helicopters become available.

**F**ORD'S 1954 models will make their debut to dealers in CinemaScope. Ford has bought commercial CinemaScope rights for one year, plans to show the new car films in theatres in their morning off hours.

**R**CA's Chairman David Sarnoff and President Frank Folsom lost more than a million dollars in paper profits because of a drop in RCA stock. Under a stock option, exercised last February when RCA stock sold at \$29, Sarnoff bought 100,000 shares and Folsom bought 50,000 at 17½ as a long-term investment, with money borrowed from the banks. But during the six months they had to hold the stock

deduction system for its 52,000 employees to buy the company's common stock through the Quinby system.

Quinby, onetime Wall Street broker, launched his plan in 1938 in the belief that most people fail to buy stock simply because they don't know how to go about it. He decided to sell stock on a flexible installment plan, with 120 payments ranging from \$10 up. A local bank, now the Lincoln Rochester Trust Co., agreed to be custodian of the stock and keep records of the payments. To make things simple, Quinby offered only one stock, Eastman Kodak, the company best known in Rochester.

The stock was bought regularly, regardless of price, which set the average price per share somewhere in between the stock's highs and lows. Actually, Eastman was growing so fast that most stock bought soon increased in value. A buyer who signed up for a \$12,000 plan ten years ago would now own 400 shares of Eastman bought at an average price of \$30 a share.

under SEC regulations, the market price tumbled. Pressed by the banks, they were forced to sell 105,000 shares in all, for a profit of roughly \$290,000, taxable at only 26%, compared to the \$1,180,000 profit they had on paper last February.

**G**REYHOUND Corp., which was once forced to get financing from the railroads to build up its bus lines, is buying out its partners to have a freer competitive hand. It plans to pay \$22.5 million for the railroads' stock in three of its biggest bus lines, Pacific Greyhound, Pennsylvania Greyhound and Tennessee Coach Co., is also dickering for big Blue Ridge and White Star Lines, whose 142 buses cover 1,130 miles of routes between Cleveland and Washington, D.C.

**P**EREIRA & Luckman, the West Coast architectural partnership formed by Wonder Boy Charles Luckman after he was relieved of the presidency of Lever Bros., will head a group of architects designing \$200 million worth of U.S. air and naval bases in Spain.

**P**PRICE supports on 1954 crops of "nonbasic" grains, e.g., rye, barley, oats and grain sorghums, will be trimmed by Agriculture Secretary Ezra Benson from an average 85% to about 75% of parity. Benson fears that otherwise too many farmers, limited on their wheat and corn plantings, will switch to nonbasic grains, thus create new surplus problems.

**N**O depression, and "no ifs, ands and no buts," is predicted by Dr. William A. Irwin, economist for the American Bankers Association. Huge accumulated business earnings and private savings provide "the biggest cushion in history against depression." Farm incomes "are in no real danger of collapse; the law requires the Government to see to that, and so does the farmer's vote."

Since the stock is now around \$44, he would own \$17,600 worth and with an additional \$2,847, from reinvested dividends, have a total of \$20,447.

The plan has grown fast. At World War II's end, Quinby had only 241 customers, paying in \$40,772 for 1945, and owning \$380,067 worth of Eastman. But now he has 3,500 customers who have paid in \$1,100,000 so far this year and now own 81,000 shares of Eastman—one of the company's ten largest blocks of stock. Quinby, who charges between 4% and 6.8% commission (the bank charges another 1% to 2.4%), is now grossing some \$120,000 a year. Besides Eastman, he now also offers three other gilt-edge stocks—Du Pont, General Motors and Standard Oil (N.J.). Quinby tells prospective customers just to ignore what the stock market does. "If it goes up," he says genially, "all the shares you own are worth more. If it goes down, you are getting bargains; your money is buying more shares than the same amount bought previously."



# THE OLDER WORKER

## The U.S. Must Make Better Use of Him

SINCE 1890, the proportion of workers who stay on the job after age 65 has dropped from 68% to 40%. At the same time, the number of Americans who are over 65 has risen from 2,400,000 to 13 million. In the next six years, the over-65 group is expected to reach 16 million while the over-50 group will number 41 million. These cold statistics show the size of a grave new economic problem for U.S. industry and the nation: What can be done about the older worker?

Such workers are heavily handicapped because 1) any wage earner over 40 has a bad time getting a new job except in a boom, 2) many big corporations insist on compulsory retirement at 65. The difficulties of the over-40 jobseeker are based on the widespread belief of many companies that they are less efficient. This was reflected in a Temple University questionnaire, in which 31% of the industries polled expressed the belief that the work of older people tends to be poor. Paradoxically, the same questionnaire also proved this belief false. In rating the work of their own employees over 50, some 80% termed it as good as, or better than that of younger workers.

There is a sounder argument for the compulsory retirement rules at 65. Business needs a constant flow of new blood and a way of making room at the top for promising executives. Many companies prefer to make retirement mandatory because making exceptions for key men may cause less-needed men to be resentful when they are forced to retire. But some companies that had compulsory retirement systems have dropped them, now permit older workers to stay, on their supervisors' recommendation. The companies decided that the principle is wrong because no two men are alike. Some men are young in spirit at 65 and well able to continue working; other men are old at 50. Actually, younger men are better only in physically exhausting jobs that require great muscular exertion. In more highly skilled jobs, such as tool & diemaking, skill increases with experience. Though older men lose some of their zip, they make up for it with their know-how, less waste, and greater dependability.

More companies are also beginning to realize that retirement itself is often a great emotional shock which must be prepared for in advance. For example, Standard Oil Co. (Ohio) starts preparing its men five years ahead of their retirement by explaining what income they will receive from pensions and Social Security, talking over what hob-

bies they might like to start, etc. Without a carefully thought-out program for retirement, many a man literally dies of boredom.

Nevertheless, the great majority of oldsters do not want to retire, and many of them can ill afford it. The Social Security Administration, interviewing 18,000 retired men and women, found that only 700 had retired voluntarily. And many find it hard to retire on the \$100-a-month or less which they get from combined pensions and Government old-age benefits. Yet if they go back to work, the law cuts off all Government payments if they earn more than \$75 a month.

One aim of the law, passed during the Depression, was to force workers to retire and get out of the labor force to make room for someone else. Since then, the labor shortage has changed the need for such a requirement, and 26 bills to let a worker over 65 collect his pension no matter how much he earns are now awaiting action by Congress. But the chances are slim that all restrictions on earnings will be dropped. The chief objection is that the total cost of paying benefits to those over 65, no matter what their income, would amount to some \$10 billion a year. This would either bankrupt the Social Security fund or force it to boost payments from individuals and corporations. A satisfactory compromise might allow \$1,200 to \$1,500 a year to be earned before benefits are reduced.

Many unions fear that older workers who are on a pension would take lower pay and thus depress all wages. But the attitude is changing. C.I.O. President Walter Reuther now denounces compulsory retirement programs as "socially wrong and economically unsound." Actually, the enforced idleness of oldsters is estimated to cost the nation \$5 billion a year in lost production, more than the annual cost of all industrial and governmental pension systems.

To handle this problem intelligently, Congress is likely to change the Social Security regulations that keep many older workers from taking jobs they need and would like to have. But the biggest part of the job must be done by private industry. Many corporations are already reviewing prejudices against hiring workers over 40 and policies on compulsory retirement at 65. Corporations which have done no thinking at all about the problem now realize that they had better start. Before long, the bulk of the nation's workers will be in the over-40 group.

## AGRICULTURE

### Milk, Milk Everywhere

The Agriculture Department, which must buy dairy products under the price-support program, reported last week that it now had on hand:

Q 278,018,000 lbs. of butter (none a year ago).

Q 268,612,000 lbs. of cheese (none a year ago).

Q 418,697,000 lbs. of dried nonfat milk (up from 31,451,000).

There is every sign that the stockpiles will keep on growing. Government economists predict that 1954 milk production will again hit 118 billion lbs., 3 billion more than estimated consumption.

In a speech to dairymen last week, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture John H. Davis drew the obvious moral: dairymen will either have to cut production or expand their markets. To increase milk drinking, Davis hinted that prices should be lowered. Another way to cut surpluses is to encourage such new methods of marketing as concentrated and frozen milk. Said he: "If something becomes outmoded by a new development, let's not prolong the agony of making the shift."

## BUSINESS ABROAD

### The Grapes of Wrath

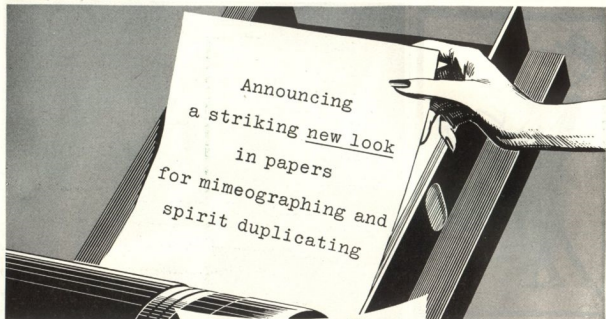
In France last week, from the choice vineyards of Burgundy to the rich plains of Bordeaux, French wine experts studied the grapes and searched the sky. If the dry weather held, it would be another *très grande année* (very great year) for wine. The Ministry of Agriculture reported that the yield might run as high as 1.5 billion gals. in France alone, plus another 450 million gals. from Algeria. But as they began harvesting the grapes, few growers were happy. The trouble: France already has more wine than it can drink or export.

Said Paris' *France-Tireur*: "No one is really an enemy of wine—in France—but it is hard to ask Frenchmen to drink more than their bellyful for the sole purpose of draining off the harvest surplus." Frenchmen, already the world's biggest consumers of alcoholic beverages (seven gals. per person per year, on a pure alcohol basis, v. one gal. per American), drank about 1.2 billion gals. of wine last year, 75% of what they put away in prewar years. Yet wine production was about the same as before the war (1.9 billion gals.), almost a third of the world's output.

**5,000,000 Frenchmen.** The crux of France's wine problem is overproduction of poor, low-priced grades. Almost half of France's home-wine crop comes from *le Midi méditerranéen*, roughly the region between Marseille and the Pyrenees. It is cheap, tart wine, and much of it is mixed with Algerian wine and sold as *vin rouge*, which must be consumed quickly, or it will turn sour.

Frenchmen, of course, prefer the better wines, but they are far too expensive. So the French consume less table wine than they used to, and the government supports prices by buying up low-grade wines to





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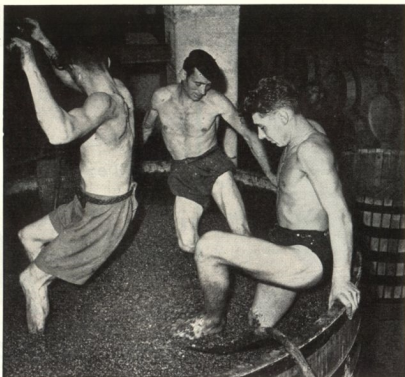
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American Safety Razor Corporation

PRECISION  PRODUCTS



WINEMAKING IN BURGUNDY  
In a very great year, diminishing thirst.

Nick de Margoli—Pix for Fortune

convert into industrial alcohol. Nevertheless, the problem of surpluses gets worse. Wine is the backbone of the French economy. As the country's biggest business, employing 5,000,000, it brings in more government revenue than any other industry: 70 billion francs a year (\$200 million).

**50,000 Winegrowers.** Two months ago, faced with a huge deficit, the government announced that it would cut down on its price-support purchases for alcohol. As a result, 50,000 *Midi* winegrowers struck and stopped shipping wine. The government put down the strike and promised reforms.

Last week Premier Joseph Laniel issued a set of decrees designed to put the industry back on its feet. To keep only the best grades of wine on the market, growers will be compelled to turn over 12% of their harvest to the government, at a low price, for distillation into industrial alcohol. If there is still overproduction by 1958, the government will force the wine-makers to uproot a percentage of their vines each year until output matches sales. As one expert summed it up: "The French wine industry is now at the crossroads, and the question is quality or quantity."

maneuvers as the "triple twinkle" and the "conversation corkscrew." The guests were almost all students of Arthur Murray, most successful dancing teacher in the world. The occasion: opening night of Murray's 308th and most lavish dance studio.

The new studio, which cost \$150,000, is run under a franchise from Murray by Mrs. Ethel Fistere, who has taught such celebrities as Henry Morgenthau Jr., Rudy Vallee, Eleanor Roosevelt and Guy Lombardo to dance. Its airy ballroom resembles an outdoor terrace, with three cages of parakeets at one end; there are eight smaller dance studios into which music is piped all day long, with different tunes available at the flip of a switch.

**Social Club.** The Washington studio is the showpiece of the terpsichorean empire that Arthur Murray started by teaching dancing in a hurry through mail-order lessons 34 years ago. Since then, he and his wife, Kathryn, have expanded fast, opening up about 150 new studios in the last five years alone. In all, they have taught some 5,000,000 pupils; in the last twelve months Arthur Murray studios in the U.S., Bermuda, Honolulu, Mexico, Cuba and Canada grossed \$32 million.


**Life Members.** As times have changed, so has the dance and the business of teaching it. The fox trot, which first came into vogue about 40 years ago, is still the most popular, but the rumba is close behind. In Murray's studios, men used to outnumber women by 6 to 4; now the gap has narrowed. The 40-and-up age group used to be Murray's best customers; but since World War II, largely as a result of

## MODERN LIVING Dancing in a Hurry

Into a flower-decked ballroom in Washington one night last week swarmed a crowd of 1,500 to dance and sip champagne punch. But it was no ordinary party; many of the guests eyed each other critically to see just how well they executed their "box steps" and such advanced

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**Call your Royal Representative** (*He's listed in the Classified Telephone Directory*)



## Sky Guy

Bill Lear is quite a guy. He quit school at 13... became a grease monkey... boned up on electronics... built the first practical automobile radio at 23. Now in his ancient forties, he holds the Collier Trophy for his automatic jet pilot... has more electronic "firsts" to his name than any living man... and heads his own multi-million-dollar flight instrument company.

When he was tapped as Lord Calvert's "Man of Distinction", we set out to cook up a wild-blue-yonder picture background.

One of our agents scoured N. Y. for colorful aeronautical maps, another dug up several brace of model airplanes, and a third borrowed a medium-sized jet engine. When this squashed the springs of our station wagon, we rented a moving van — and finally got the whole shebang assembled in a club library.

When Mr. Lear arrived the photographer was eyeing the carved library doors, and before you could say "Lord Calvert costs a little more and tastes a little better", he handed our "Man" a highball, said "Sit here" and clicked his camera.

That advt. you saw—with Lear relaxing in front of a hand-carved door—was nice, we'll admit; though we did have a little trouble explaining away that moving van on the expense account.

If you're in the market for some old air maps or second-hand plane models, drop in sometime and ask for us. If you're in the market for a bottle, drop into the nearest package store and ask for Lord Calvert. It's Custom Distilled, and it makes mighty tasty drinking.



## Lord Calvert

• BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN  
• NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DIST. CORP., N.Y.C.

his accreditation under the G.I. Bill's education benefits, Murray has been getting a younger set. He also does more than teach; many of his studios are, in effect, social clubs which stage frequent dances and parties for the students.

Once a student gets enrolled, he finds it hard to drop out. If he does he will receive such sales letters from teachers as "It's a shame for anyone with your natural ability to neglect it..." or "The studio cannot understand why your course is not finished and the conclusion is not very flattering to me." One of Murray's most flamboyant sales ideas is the "life membership," available for a minimum of \$8,000, which entitles the buyer to a string of 1,000 lessons plus 24 hours a year thereafter until death. These, the prospective marathoner is carefully told, are sold only to those who can prove their ability to learn. No one yet has failed to prove this ability to Murray's satisfaction; in the Los Angeles area alone, 200



ARTHUR MURRAY & WIFE  
In a triple twinkle, \$32 million.

have passed the test with flying colors and paid their \$8,000.

"Put On a Smile," Arthur Murray himself owns only one dance studio outright (in Manhattan), but he keeps a firm hand on the others under franchise, takes 10% of their gross. His instructors, who get \$55 to \$100 a week, go through a month's training period before getting an arm around a customer, are carefully briefed on the best techniques. "You are not dressed for work until you put on a smile!" cautions an instruction pamphlet. "Everyone should use a deodorant! Perfume does not conceal B.O."

With new studios opening all the time (last week, another opened in Sydney, Australia), Murray employees always have the hope of getting a franchise of their own. Such a deal can be profitable indeed. Last year, without the help of her new studio, Washington's Ethel Fistere grossed \$750,000, netted an estimated 15% of that.

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Mimi Benzell, 29, Metropolitan Opera soprano turned TV songbird, and Concert Manager Walter A. Gould, 34: their first child, a son; in Manhattan. Name: Jonathan Willis. Weight: 7 lbs. 5 oz.

**Married.** William Vincent Astor, 61, retired U.S. Naval Reserve captain and real-estate king and Socialite Roberta Russell Marshall, fortyish; both for the third time; in Bar Harbor, Me.

**Died.** Kathleen Ferrier, 41, Lancashire lass who found her singing voice at 25 and was soon acclaimed one of the world's top contraltos; of cancer; in London.

**Died.** Nigel Bruce, 58, cinemactor, best known for his characterizations of Sherlock Holmes's bumbling friend, Dr. Watson; of a coronary thrombosis; in Santa Monica, Calif.

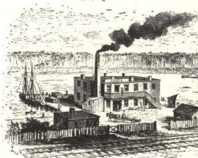
**Died.** Hastings William Sackville Russell, 64, twelfth Duke of Bedford and one of Britain's richest men (his fortune was once estimated at \$14 million); of a shotgun wound, apparently accidental, while hunting alone on his 12,000-acre Devon estate. An eccentric, fuzzy-minded pacifist, Bedford could, and often did, switch causes at the drop of an ideal. Having had enough of Bedford's muddled diatribes, the House of Lords once resolved that "the noble Duke no longer be heard." Ill at ease with most people, he often preferred the company of deer, bison and parakeets, was especially fond of spiders.

**Died.** Vice Admiral Gordon Campbell, 67, one of Britain's top naval heroes in World War I, winner of the Victoria Cross after commanding one of the Royal Navy's top-secret "Q" ships (armed U-boat hunters disguised as defenseless freighters); of a heart ailment; near London.

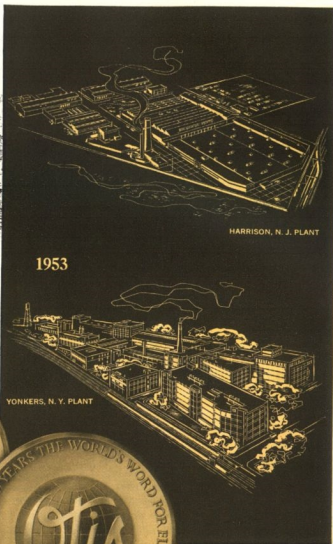
**Died.** Lord Strabolgi, 67, Britain's "Labor Peer," an articulate traitor to his class, who delighted in rocking the House of Lords; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in London. Although his father and American mother had fought and won a hard genealogical battle to establish their right to the 635-year-old family title, Strabolgi seemed to wish they had lost. To the dismay of his fellow peers, he once snorted: "The House of Lords... is a picturesque survival of the feudal system... out of tune with the modern world... Better let it go the way of the divine right of kings."

**Died.** James Earle Fraser, 76, who at 17 fashioned the model for one of the most famed and popular of U.S. sculptures, *End of the Trail*, depicting a weary Indian sagging on an exhausted pony, later designed the buffalo nickel; of a heart ailment; in Westport, Conn.





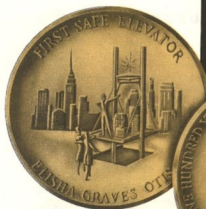
First elevator shop, Yonkers, N. Y. 1853



1953

HARRISON, N. J. PLANT

YONKERS, N. Y. PLANT



## OTIS SETS A GOAL for a second century of progress

*100th Anniversary statement to the employees and stockholders of the Otis Elevator Company by the President, LeRoy A. Petersen.*

The year 1953 is for Otis both an end and a beginning. It is the end of a century during which the name, Otis, became synonymous with the word, elevator; it is the begin-

ning of a second century of continued Otis leadership and development in the field of vertical transportation.

During the past hundred years, the men and women of Otis have, by hard work, trial and error, and occasional flashes of genius, built a company and a product of which we today have just reason to be proud and, in the doing, they have contributed greatly to the building of their country.

*(continued on next page)*

## the Otis heritage

During this first century, there evolved an Otis organization whose character reflects the composite character, judgment and ideals of those leaders of the past who, generation after generation, selected and trained and inspired this organization. It is an organization whose roots go deep into the past, and which has a tradition of loyalty to the Company not easily understood by those who are not a part of it.

Similarly, the organization of the future will, to a considerable degree, reflect the judgment, character and ideals of those who now have a voice in the selection and training of those who will follow us. Clearly, it is our obligation to pass on to our successors an organization no less qualified for their task than the organization which we inherited and with which we have had the privilege of working.

During the past century, Otis established and maintained a reputation for designing, manufacturing and installing the best elevators available. At the same time, we

built a reputation for trustworthy performance and fair dealing, which resulted in our becoming not only the world's largest producer of elevators but also a producer whose product commands a premium price.

That this position is not the result of chance, but rather is the result of a deliberate policy and of a conscious goal, is evident from the objectives outlined by Charles Otis in 1877:

"It should be our aim", he said, "to make our work satisfactory to our customers, not alone until we get our pay for each particular job, but until we get paid for every job we ever intend or expect to do for anyone, to the end of time; to get every customer we can and to keep every one we get—both for his work and for his influence.

"We must keep in mind", he said, "that the great objects of doing business are (1) to give occupation, (2) to achieve success, and (3) to make money, and that we shall not accomplish very much of the first two of these objects if we fail in the last."

## SOME OTIS *"Firsts"* OF THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS



**1853**—Elisha Graves Otis invented the first safe elevator. It was equipped with a safety device to prevent the elevator from falling if the ropes should break, which was a frequent occurrence in those days. Until a safe elevator became available, buildings and cities had grown vertically only as high as people were willing to climb stairs.

**1878**—The first high speed hydraulic elevator, introduced by Otis Brothers and Company made the first "skyscrapers" economically possible. These elevators were capable of higher speeds than the then existing methods of control made it practicable to use, and car speed was, therefore, limited to 700 feet per minute.

**1889**—The first Otis electric drum elevator was installed in New York City. The application of electricity to elevators made possible many new types of control, and the use of electric door interlocks added greatly to elevator safety.

**1892**—The first elevator to be controlled by variable voltage supplied by a separate motor generator was installed by Otis Brothers and Company in New York City under license from Ward Leonard. This type of control, which is now used on all high speed Otis elevators, provides smooth and rapid acceleration and retardation and contributes immeasurably to the quality of operation.

**1900**—The first Escalator was exhibited by Otis Elevator Company at the Paris Exposition and was awarded a grand prize. Until 1950 the word "Escalator" remained an Otis trademarked name, but is now in common use as a part of the English language.



**1903**—The first electric gearless traction machine was developed and installed by Otis. Gearless traction machines can be used for any desirable speed and rise and are extremely durable. To our knowledge, no Otis gearless machine has ever worn out.



**1915**—The first self leveling, or Micro-Drive, elevators were developed by Otis engineers and enable passenger and freight elevators to be brought to an accurate stop at floor landings and to maintain this level automatically. This development saves time, eliminates the stumbling hazard and permits trucks to run smoothly on and off an elevator platform.



**1953**—The first traffic duplicating equipment was designed by Otis engineers to facilitate research and to demonstrate elevator performance. This electronic device is used to impose upon a group of model elevators in any desirable order all of the traffic conditions that, under any circumstances, could be created by the passengers in an intensive service office building. It then demonstrates by actual performance how such traffic is handled by Otis Autotronic—Without Attendant—Elevators with a fully automatic electronic group supervisory system.

This ingenious electronic device is effective, not only in demonstrating the performance of existing equipment, but, by providing Otis engineers with a laboratory which furnishes a prompt and accurate reading on the utility of new developments under actual operating conditions, it gives added assurance that the Otis leadership which has been so outstanding in the past will be continued in the years to come.



**1950**—The first group supervised intensive service elevators, designed to operate without attendants in the cars and equipped with electronically protected car and hatchway doors, were installed by Otis Elevator Company Building in Dallas, Texas. Such Autotronic—Without Attendant—Elevators have demonstrated their ability to render excellent service and to save up to \$7,000 in operating costs per elevator per year.

**1948**—The first automatic and electronic supervisory system (Autotronic®) was developed by Otis to secure maximum quantity and quality of performance from a group of intensive service elevators and to vary the plan of operation to suit the changing requirements of the traffic.



At this time, also, the Otis Electronic Touch Button was made available which, at the lightest touch of a fingertip, is brightly illuminated and simply and dependably stops the elevator automatically at the desired floor.



**1925**—The first full Collective Control elevators were developed by Otis, primarily for use in apartment houses and hospitals. These elevators are passenger operated but furnish service substantially equivalent to that secured with an attendant operated elevator.

**1924**—The first Signal Control elevators, developed and installed by Otis, enable elevators to operate with speeds in excess of 700 feet per minute and to stop accurately and automatically in response to the pressure of hall or car buttons.

## our goal for the future

At the beginning of our second century of operation under the name of Otis, it is appropriate to consider what we now regard as our purpose and objective and what we now believe to be the justification for our continued existence.

Without attempting to be epigrammatic, it seems to me that our objective should be:

To build the best products in our field; to continually improve these products in design and in method of production and installation so that they can continue to be sold at a profit sufficient to

(a) permit payment to investors of a return on their investment which will furnish an adequate incentive to save and invest in this or other useful competitive enterprises,

(b) permit stable employment of a carefully selected and trained organization,

(c) make possible such wages, salaries and working conditions as will result in the maximum incentive and capacity for production for the ultimate good of the greatest number.

This objective is based on the belief that the greatest good for the greatest number can result only from maximum production of useful goods equitably distributed. It is also based on the belief that maximum production is obtainable only through competitive enterprise, with such incentives as are necessary to prompt capital to provide the required tools and to stimulate all types of labor to the greatest possible productive effort consistent with their spiritual and physical well being.

It will be noted that, in common with Mr. Charles Otis, it is recognized that, first and foremost, the purpose of a business must be to satisfy its customers to the end that they will continue to buy the product at a profitable price. Failing in this, all other objectives must be abandoned—including the fundamental objective of continued operation.

Obviously—a successful business must provide for its own future existence, if it is to accomplish anything else. However, mere existence is the *minimum* requirement. The real justification for a company's survival must be measured by the contribution which it makes to the general welfare.

In common also with Mr. Otis, we recognize the importance of providing employment—but only when employment results in, or contributes to, useful production or gratification of human needs. Employment which merely wastes time is a criminal waste of human lives and human energy and is grossly inconsistent with the objectives of a legitimate business.

## our personal obligation

The ideal for which we should strive is a company which provides every person in its organization with frequent opportunity to test his maximum capacity and which provides a constant incentive to increase that capacity and to devote it to useful ends.

(continued on next page)

There is so much in this world that requires doing and the doing of it requires so much human energy and intelligence that we cannot tolerate that which wastes this energy and intelligence and which stultifies the ambition which is necessary to make it do useful work. We must measure our own individual success not primarily by the position we attain but by the extent to which we are utilizing to the utmost the talents and capacity with which we are individually endowed and also by the extent to which we make it possible for others to do the same thing.

### the role of competitive enterprise

The United States has reached a position of world leadership primarily, I believe, because, throughout the greater part of its history, emphasis has been laid upon the importance of the individual and upon the importance of maintaining individual opportunity and powerful incentives for individual effort and accomplishment. The resulting competitive enterprise has produced a standard of living and a capacity for production the like of which the world has never seen.

Nevertheless, there has arisen a contrary philosophy, backed by the ruthless power of a foreign dictator state, and the American system of living and producing is on trial before the world.

### the challenge to American business

Now, at long last, the American people have once more called upon American business men to restore the faith of the country in the basic principles upon which our nation

was established and to stage such a demonstration of the advantages of democratic competitive enterprise that the fallacy and folly of socialism and communism will be self evident to all the people of the world who are free to learn—and, ultimately, even to those behind the iron curtain.

It is a crisis greater than any previously faced by the American people and a challenge to the business men of the country which they must accept or fail miserably in the defense of the principles in which they have professed a profound belief.

### our share of the job

As a part of the business world, we share in the obligation to demonstrate the superiority of our system of democratic competitive enterprise in providing for the general welfare.

Our share in this demonstration is to so work and so manage the affairs of our Company as to help raise the level of accomplishment of the business community. Then confidently, aggressively, persistently and intelligently we must acquaint, first of all the people of our own country and then the other people of the world, with what business is, has done and can do and the vital part which business has played and must continue to play in building up and maintaining the standard of living, way of life and defense of our country.

The Otis Elevator Company is to thousands of employees, stockholders and customers a representative of business and an example of the operation of the competitive enterprise system. It should be our purpose to make that example a good one.

## OTIS HAS PLANTS ALL OVER THE WORLD

UNITED STATES—Yonkers, N. Y. • Harrison, N. J.

CANADA  
Hamilton

ENGLAND  
London

FRANCE  
Bezons

ITALY  
Milan  
Naples

GERMANY  
Berlin-Borsigwalde

AUSTRALIA  
Sydney

MEXICO  
Mexico City

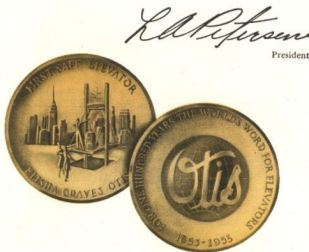
JAPAN  
Tokyo

ARGENTINA  
Buenos Aires

BRAZIL  
Rio de Janeiro  
Sao Paulo

URUGUAY  
Montevideo

UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA  
Wadeville



## OTIS ELEVATOR COMPANY

*Offices in principal cities all over the world*

executive offices:  
260 11th AVENUE,  
NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



## SPORT

### Method & Manpower

Coach Biggie Munn of Michigan State, whose football team has not lost a game since the fall of 1950, is a methodical man. On the wall of the Spartans' dressing room at East Lansing hangs a statement on Munn fundamentals which the team reads before every home game: "Do not cheat your team or your teammates. Know your plays. Block. Protect. Add to what we are trying to do. [Signed] Biggie." Before every game, Coach Munn also calls his squad together for silent prayer. No one is supposed to pray for victory, but last week, with Michigan State trailing Texas Christian 19-7 going into the



Joe Scherschel—Life

COACH MUNN  
Prayer & the fundamentals.

final quarter, even strict Coach Munn might have excused a slip of the lip.

On the line was Michigan State's unbeaten streak of 26 games, its ranking as No. 2 team in the U.S. (behind Notre Dame, idle last week). Needing two touchdowns to tie, Michigan State's team went to work. They got the first of their needed scores by intercepting a Texas Christian pass, then grinding out 69 yards in twelve plays. Moments later, they set up the second by pouncing on a fumble. Quarterback Tom Yewcic thereupon pitched a 34-yd. touchdown pass to Halfback Evan Slonac. Just to make sure, Slonac gathered in another T.C.U. pass, pounded away for another touchdown. Final score: 26-19.

**Ponies & Heavyweights.** As the Texas Christian players picked themselves off the turf after the Spartans' 19-point explosion, they might well have asked the old question: "What happened?" What happened essentially was that T.C.U. ran head-on into the Biggie Munn method: throw in plenty of fresh, first-class players. Munn uses a fast, "pony" backfield to run



The Fabulous Marble Courtyard of Hotel George V

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Rendezvous of the world's connoisseurs, Hotel George V is renowned for magnificent cuisine, wines and liquors. Its famed restaurant manager, Francis Albert, reports, "Martell Cognac is the brandy most often called for by my guests." Everywhere, Martell is the "King of Cognacs."

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A Great Symbol  
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The World's Renowned  
"All Purpose" Cognac Brand  
**MARTELL Three Star**

The World's Most  
Cherished Liqueur Cognac  
**MARTELL Cordon Bleu**

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MARTELL THREE STAR 84 PROOF • MARTELL CORDON BLEU 80 PROOF

## THE THRILL A MAN DESERVES



## WHISTLING WINGS CALL YOU

Crouched low in your blind, cold and jittery... you hear them whistling in. What a thrill! Then *up quick* and you blaze away. There'll be ducks in the freezer tonight (and a new look in your eye!). Get your share of this exciting sport this season. Take a Winchester Model 12 shotgun with you. You can rely on its smooth action and perfect balance to bring down those fast fliers. You'll shoot better when you answer the CALL...

with a  
**WINCHESTER**  
TRADE-MARK

### MODEL 12

- Winchester Proof (chromemolybdenum), the finest gun steel.
- More safety features; Winchester proof-tested.
- Unsurpassed balance, a "natural pointer."
- Smooth, easy loading, fast, reliable action.
- Perfect Repeater, world's most imitated shotgun.

**\$93.85**

Price subject to change without notice.

ANOTHER **Olin** PRODUCT

ARMS AND AMMUNITION DIVISION OF  
OLIN INDUSTRIES, INC., NEW HAVEN 4, CONN.

the enemy ragged, then bowls them over with hard-charging heavyweights. Even in the new era of limited substitutions (which Munn, an old friend of two platoons, deplores), Michigan State uses 35 or 40 almost equally proficient men a game.

Where does all this manpower come from? Much of it is home-grown Michigan talent, attracted by State's winning ways, a \$3,500,000 athletic plant\* and a big and diversified college (enrollment: 14,600). Some of Munn's best players have been mined from the football-rich hills of Pennsylvania, but even Michigan State's most envious detractors admit that the Spartans beat the bushes for talent no more fervently than a lot of other colleges.

**Embarrassment of Riches.** Biggie Munn himself, some ten pounds heavier than when he was a burly (5 ft. 9 in., 220 lbs.) All-America guard at Minnesota two decades ago, is the magnet that draws much of the talent. Like most coaches, he drives his players hard in two-hour daily drills, but when drills are over, he does what few coaches ever have time for: he sits down to have dinner at the players' training table, gets to know his men off the field as well as on. Above all, Munn harps on the importance of loyalty to team and Michigan State. In return, Munn expects and gets loyalty, sometimes with an embarrassment of riches.

Recently a boosters' club known as the "Spartan Foundation" loyally raised \$55,000 to disburse among deserving Michigan State athletes, mainly footballers. When the news came out, Michigan State, which had just been admitted to full-fledged Big Ten membership, was promptly put on probation by the conference. This fall, having wiped the probationary slate almost clean by acceptably accounting for all but \$5,200, Michigan State has settled down to some solid new objectives: to 1) run its undefeated streak to 33 straight, 2) win the Big Ten title, and 3) bring the Midwest a victory in the Rose Bowl.

Other major football results:

Princeton, which played the first U.S. intercollegiate football game with Rutgers in 1869, beat Rutgers for the 41st time (four losses) with its third straight come-from-behind rally, 9-7; Georgia Tech ran its unbeaten streak to 30 games by whipping Tulane, 27-13; Maryland crushed Georgia, 40-13; and Southern California, ranked seventh, had to settle for a 13-13 tie with Washington, beaten two weeks ago by Michigan, 50-0. In Big Ten games, Michigan rallied with two touchdowns in the second half to edge Iowa, 14-13; Minnesota upset Northwestern, 30-13; and Illinois upended unbeaten Ohio State, 41-20.

### Scoreboard

¶ At Canakkale, Turkey, Swimmer Florence Chadwick rounded out a breathless grand slam of four channels in five weeks by swimming the Dardanelles in the round-trip time of less than two hours in



SWIMMER CHADWICK  
Golf, anyone?

Associated Press

the choppy waters. Now the conqueror of the English Channel, the Strait of Gibraltar, the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, Swimmer Chadwick, 33, announced her retirement: "This is a sport for younger people. I think I'll take up golf."

¶ For an estimated \$8,000 a year, First Lieut. Arnold Galiffa, 26, onetime West Point quarterback and 1949 All-America, gave up his Army career after three years (eight months in Korea with the 3rd Division) to join the New York Giants, professional football team.

¶ Statisticians wound up the baseball season with some final calculations. Milwaukee Lefthander Warren Spahn (23-7) led all major-league pitchers in effectiveness with an earned run average of 2.10 for every nine innings pitched. Runner-up: Yankee Lefthander Ed Lopat (16-4), with a 2.43 mark. Slugging leaders (determined by dividing total bases on hits by times at bat): Brooklyn Outfielder Duke Snider, .6271; Milwaukee Third Baseman Ed Mathews, .6269. In third place was Cleveland Third Baseman Al Rosen (.613), the American League's home-run leader (43), who got a salary raise to an estimated \$40,000 last week.

¶ In Kansas City, the Montreal Royals, a Brooklyn farm club, won the "Little World Series" by beating the Kansas City Blues, a Yankee farm club, four games to one.

¶ In Manhattan, the victorious New York Yankees drew record World Series shares of \$8,280 apiece. The defeated Dodgers eased their disappointment with checks for \$6,178.

► At Belmont Park, John S. Phipps's three-year-old colt Level Lea won the \$31,350 Jockey Club Gold Cup by six lengths in a slow 3:27 for the two miles.

¶ In Paris, the U.S. Ryder Cup golf team, conquerors of the British fortnight ago, beat a team of continental pros, twelve matches to three.

\* Each sports structure has a small sign in front telling taxpayers that none of their money was spent on it.

INTRODUCING THE

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\*Ask your Monroe salesman or dealer to prove it today.

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## They're falling for Us



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"WE SURE DO, BLACKIE. THAT'S BECAUSE PEOPLE KNOW THAT THE QUALITY AND CHARACTER OF BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH WHISKY NEVER CHANGE!"

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*The Scotch with Character*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

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### Bloodstream Green

A good monster picture, as any movie-maker knows, is worth its weight in ghouls. Bent on scaring the money as well as the daylights out of the customers, Hollywood is currently preparing the biggest assortment of horror pictures since the Frankenstein days of the '30s.

**Them** (Warner) is about giant, man-eating ants. Explains one Warner man: "These ants are murderous bastards. When they grow eight feet tall, they gotta eat, and what's nicer than people?"

**The Mad Magician** (Columbia, 3-D), is a follow-up to the money-making *House of Wax* (TIME, April 20), again starring Vincent Price. Explains a Columbia official: "Everything pops out of the screen in this one. Price is shown cutting off a girl's head with a buzz saw. He is burned to death in a big steel box with a glass window."

**Man from Mars** (Columbia, 3-D) produced by "Jungle Sam" Katzman, is about a new X-bomb. "If this X-bomb explodes," says Katzman, "it will interfere with the axis that the world goes round on." There will be invaders from space, but Katzman has not decided what they will look like: "They might be eggheaded or helmeted."

**Cat Women of the Moon** (Independent, 3-D) is about earth explorers on the moon. There, says Producer Al Zimbalist, they find "ugly-looking things like giant spiders with four eyes, and they blow poisonous fumes."

**The Great Green Og** (Independent, 3-D), says Producer Albert Zugsmith, is a "science-fiction fantasy that takes place on the planet Aphrodite, a fictional planet. The Og is something not quite human, like a Hollywood agent or a movie reviewer. He's twice the size of a man. He has green blood."

**The Black Lagoon** (Universal-International, 3-D) is about a "gill man," half-fish, half-man, who looks like a frog.

**Gorilla at Large** (20th Century-Fox, 3-D and flatie) escapes from an amusement park, says Producer Leonard Goldstein, "and winds up in a mirror maze . . . So you have about twelve gorillas popping out in 3-D from the mirror. We also hide him in a diving bell, and he submerges, and he gets on a roller coaster . . . That's the only thing 3-D is good for."

**Gog** (Independent, 3-D) is about two electronic robots named Gog and Magog, who handle dangerous atomic materials in a government laboratory. The twist, according to Producer Ivan Tors: "They revolt and turn against the scientists and try to destroy everything that has human body heat. This is a gimmick picture."

### The New Pictures

**The Actress** (M-G-M) was an expert comedy when Actress Ruth Gordon wrote it for the stage (as *Years Ago*, it ran for six months in 1947), and it is an expert comedy now that she has rewritten it for the screen. However, it is no more than





AMERICAN 1902



BRUSH RUNABOUT 1908



MAXWELL 1909



HUPMOBILE 1909



STEVENS-DURYEA 1909



FORD 1909



STUTZ 1914



ABBOTT-DETROIT 1917



MERCER 1919



TEMPLAR 1922



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FORD MOTOR COMPANY XL-300

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Since the days when Thompson made automobile starting cranks, the company has been working with automobile builders to make cars last longer, safer, faster, better and more economical to operate.

#### Some Thompson Improvements Over the Years:

- 1904—Valve with nickel steel head welded to carbon steel stem
- 1914—One-piece solid forged valve
- 1916—Tubular steering parts
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expertise. Playwright-Actress Gordon is too cool a professional ever to let sentiment interfere with business, which in this instance, when she is writing about her own girlhood, means that a true feeling is never allowed to foul up a good line. Nevertheless, *The Actress* offers an unusually pleasant evening at the movies.

At center stage is 16-year-old Ruth herself, gracefully if a little lymphatically portrayed by Jean Simmons. All the dear child has in her head is the idea that she, too, can be a famous actress. She has told mother (excellently played by Teresa Wright) all about her ambition, but mother does not dare to tell father—a role in which Spencer Tracy does his most satisfying work of recent years.

Father is a self-stoking, small-town domestic tyrant. "She doesn't know beans with the bags untied," he snorts of a neighbor. He yowls about the grocery bill,



JEAN SIMMONS & SPENCER TRACY  
He loses his pants but not the mood.

growls about the cat hair on the furniture, jabbars like an old sailors' home about his youthful adventures at sea. When daughter hints at braving father with her theatrical ambitions, mother squeaks, "Hush! You know how he threw around those catatoupees when all I said was I thought they were peaches!"

Father's idea is that daughter should go to the "Boston Physical Culture School" and learn to twirl Indian clubs like Miss Glavey (Mary Wickes), the head of the women's division at his gymnastic society. The scene where father participates in an exhibition of mass calisthenics, and drops his pants in the act, is a hilarious bit of nonsense that is somehow brought off without dropping the mood of the film at the same time. "Goodness," says mother, as father's pants hang about his knees and the spectators roar, "I must remember to fix those."

In the end, of course, daughter beards the lion, and he proves to be a lamb. He gives her his dearest treasure, a telescope, to sell, and sends her off to fame with no



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further warning than that she should be careful of "people offering girls poisoned candy." In an unpretentious way, the picture is the most charming and essentially laughable of all the modern attempts at describing life with father.

The Titfield Thunderbolt (Rank: Universal-International) will carry railway enthusiasts on a satisfying junket through the past century of British railroading. When nationalization dooms the unprofitable branch line running from rural Titfield to the market town of Mallingford, the indignant citizens of Titfield take over the archaic rolling stock, with the vicar serving as engineer, the village ne'er-do-well as fireman, and a local squire as brakeman. An alcoholic landowner (Stanley Holloway) supplies the necessary money on being promised that the early-morning train will carry a bar-and-buffet car.

The villains in this whimsy are a pair of busline operators who first try to eliminate the line's 50-year-old engine by charging it with a steam roller. Thwarted, they resort to even darker skulduggery by stealing the three-car train at night, derailling and wrecking it. Faced with the loss of their franchise, the embattled citizens raid the town museum, drag out the original 114-year-old Titfield Thunderbolt locomotive and just barely make the required-by-law run to Mallingford. Both actors and plot take a back seat in this film to the charming Technicolor photography of what seems to be an ancient toy railroad running through an equally quaint toy countryside.

### CURRENT & CHOICE

**The Captain's Paradise.** Alec Guinness in a comedy about a ferryboat captain who manages to have a wife (Celia Johnson and Yvonne de Carlo) in each port (TIME, Oct. 12).

**The Robe.** The first CinemaScope film, a colorful, breathtakingly big production of early Christians in ancient Rome. Based on Lloyd C. Douglas' 1942 bestseller, starring Richard Burton, Victor Mature and Jean Simmons (TIME, Sept. 28).

**Roman Holiday.** Newcomer Audrey Hepburn goes on a hilarious tour of Rome with Gregory Peck and Eddie Albert, as Director William Wyler adds some new twists to a popular old comedy-romance plot (TIME, Sept. 7).

**The Cruel Sea.** One of the best of the World War II films, based on Nicholas Monsarrat's bestseller and filled with the salt spray and shellbursts of naval warfare (TIME, Aug. 24).

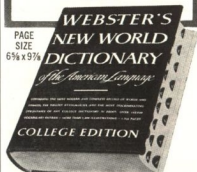
**From Here to Eternity.** James Jones's wild (and sometimes woolly) novel about life in the peacetime Army, compressed into a hard, tensely acted movie (TIME, Aug. 10).

**The Moon Is Blue.** Disapproved by the Legion of Decency and the U.S. Navy, but a nice little comedy all the same (TIME, July 6).

**Julius Caesar.** Hollywood comes to grips with Shakespeare and, for once, very nearly holds its own (TIME, June 1).

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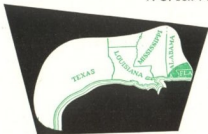


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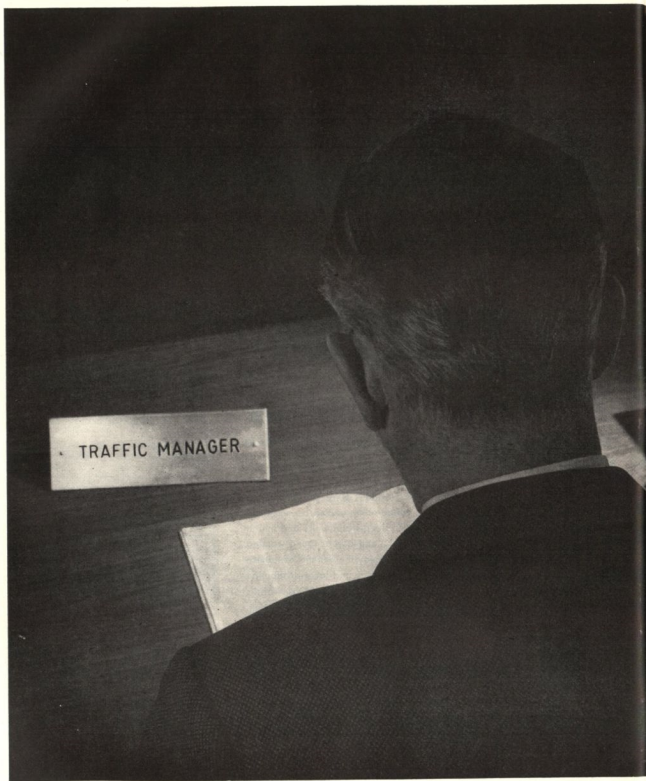
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## BOOKS

### Rosy Glow Dept.

LORD VANITY [467 pp.]—Samuel Shellabarger—Little, Brown (\$3.95).

"Stir up the fire, Lucio . . . You have the whip and the little knife? Good . . . I don't believe he's Jack-fool enough to resist." But Richard Morandi, a bastard descendant of Stuart kings, is not one to let himself be castrated in front of his sweetheart without fighting back. Since it is Venice and the 18th century, Richard has a knife of his own up his sleeve, and he knows how to use it. Many a lesser novelist would be out of climaxes after Richard dispatches his enemy, but Novelist Samuel Shellabarger has lots more.

Dashing Richard, lugged off by the

### A Sorry Old Affair

THE TRAITOR AND THE SPY [431 pp.]—James Thomas Flexner—Harcourt, Brace (\$5.75).

Even in a day when the traitor has become a headline staple, the name of Benedict Arnold remains the U.S.'s symbol of ultimate treachery. His was the classic sellout, the shocker that reduced a national hero to a despised knave. Yet there are still those ready to defend him as a maligned soldier who was goaded into villainy, and schoolteachers in his home state of Connecticut have complained that it becomes increasingly difficult to present him as a traitor.

This week there is black news for Ar-

through fishy and degrading commercial deals. That he betrayed his country for reasons of political principle, Author Flexner shows to be sheer nonsense. Arnold wanted cash on the barrelhead (£10,000 plus £20,000 for West Point and an annual stipend of £500) and drove a Yankee bargain. And he never ceased complaining that he never got a fair price from the British for his treachery.

Another legend that dies hard is that Arnold's wife, lovely Peggy Shippen of the "heavenly bosom," was an innocent bystander. Author Flexner shows that she was bosom-deep in the mess from the start, and egged her husband on. On the evidence, Flexner suggests that the idea of turning traitor may have been hers in the first place. As much a woman as a conspirator, she added pretty feminine requests for silks and satins to her husband's reasonable letters to Major John André. That she had known André when the British held her native Philadelphia is certain; that they were old flames is not proved. But Peggy Shippen Arnold kept a lock of André's hair until the day she died.

**Gibbet & Knot.** Major André of the 54th Foot Regiment became the goat of the sorry affair. Handsome, cultivated, a poet-painter as well as adjutant general of the British Army in America, he was as eager for glory as Arnold. Let the American traitor turn over the fortress at West Point through André, and the young English major would be firmly set in his army career for life. Caught in civilian clothes at the very edge of success, tried and convicted as a spy, he gave the world a classic lesson in how a brave and debonair soldier should meet his death. Marching to his execution, on a hill west of Tappan, N.Y., he remarked to his captors: "I am very much surprised to find your troops under such good discipline, and your music is excellent."

He had hoped to be shot as a soldier, but when he faced the gibbet, hundreds heard him say in a clear voice: "I am reconciled to my fate, but not to the mode." He adjusted the knot himself.

### Young Dr. Freud

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD: VOL. 1, [428 pp.]—Ernest Jones—Basic Books (\$6.75).

The late famed Sigmund Freud was a 28-year-old nobody when he wrote to his fiancée: "I have just carried out one resolution which one group of people . . . will feel acutely . . . my biographers. I have destroyed all my diaries . . . Let the biographers chafe; we won't make it too easy for them. Let each one believe he is right in his 'Conception of the Development of the Hero': even now I enjoy the thought of how they will all go astray."

It is Biographer Ernest Jones's earnest hope that this "interesting fantasy" may "prove to have been exaggerated," and his hope is justified. When young Freud poked precocious fun at his biographers, he had not so much as glimpsed the theory that was to revolutionize much of 20th century thinking. It had not occurred to



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BENEDICT ARNOLD & JOHN ANDRÉ  
The goat faced excellent music.

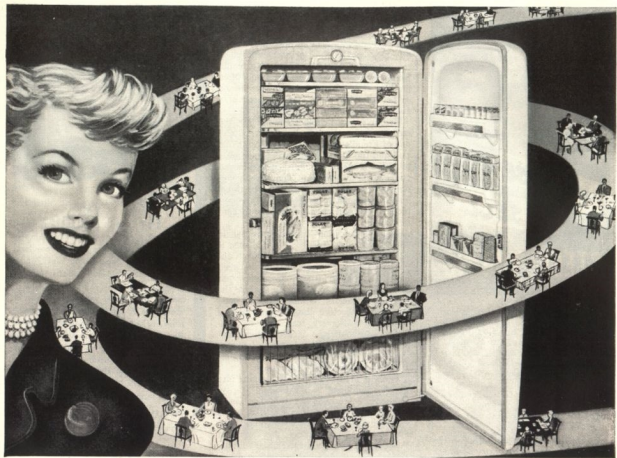
police and separated from his sweetheart, Maritza, now has to face such things as torture, chains, life imprisonment in the galleys, sudden freedom, and the encompassing arms of a passionate French countess. Face them he does, with fortitude and kisses. Next, commissioned in the British army, he ships to Canada, outwits Montcalm, helps Wolfe win his great victory at Quebec, returns to England a hero and is assigned by Pitt himself to a delicate diplomatic mission in Paris. There, naturally, he finds his steady old flame Maritza, still possessed of a local reputation for chastity. Happy the hero, Richard and Maritza leave the vanity of Europe behind and sail for the New World to raise Americans.

Dr. Kinsey has confirmed what Novelist Shellabarger knew long ago: a lot of women get a rosy glow from romantic yarns. If *Lord Vanity* does as well as some earlier Shellabargers (*Captain from Castile*, *Prince of Foxes*), it should easily outsell *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*.

Arnold's sentimental defenders. In *The Traitor and the Spy*, Author James Thomas Flexner (*Doctors on Horseback*, *A Short History of American Painting*) has drawn their hero—and quartered him. His is the most carefully researched study of the Arnold-André story so far published, more searching even than the late Carl Van Doren's *Secret History of the American Revolution*, which showed Arnold for what he was. Cool, reasoned, and highly readable, *The Traitor and the Spy* may well stand as the last word on the subject.

**Cash on the Barrelhead.** That Benedict Arnold, apothecary, merchant, and self-made soldier was a hero on the battlefield has never been made more clear. In Connecticut, in Canada, on Lake Champlain and at Saratoga, he fought with the kind of superb gallantry that lesser men might call foolhardy. But Arnold off the field was a different man. Vain, querulous and greedy, he loved rank at least as much as he loved his country, and was not above using his position to line his pocket





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young Dr. Freud that 13 years later (1897) he would discover psychoanalysis by psychoanalyzing himself, and that this self-analysis would force him to resurrect memories and facts of greater importance than those he destroyed at 28. Nor could he imagine that a day would come when his fantasy of greatness would have turned so real that he would stand in need of a friendly, well-informed biographer.

Britain's Dr. Ernest Jones is just the right man for the job. For years he was one of Freud's closest friends (TIME, Aug. 10), and the Freud family has turned over to him a trove of unpublished letters and confidential information. The present volume is only the first of a projected three, but it is enough to suggest that the completed work will be a masterpiece of contemporary biography.

Psychologist Jones describes his task as "dauntingly stupendous." What makes it so, apart from the mass of research involved, is the special relation between Hero Freud and Biographer Jones. As analyst, Disciple Jones has to analyze the master of analysis. As biographer he must try to be objective about a man toward whom he has every reason to be subjective. Anyone who lacked Jones's imperturbable patience and sense of humor would collapse into hysterical symptoms at the thought of such a business.

**Feeling of a Conqueror.** Looking into Freud's childhood is like looking at psychoanalysis studying its reflection in a mirror. All the principal Freudian units are, quite "unconsciously," making their first grand march through the streets of Wonderland—with lusty Private Libido (infantile sexuality) beating his big drum, and General Repression sternly rebuking Major Oedipus (for jealousy of father coupled with excessive love of mother). And yet an air of medieval superstition mingles with this up-to-date atmosphere. Sigmund was "born in a caul," i.e., with part of his prenatal envelope still swaddling him, and an old woman, straight out of folklore, turned up to assure the proud mother that she had brought "a great man into the world." A wandering poet confidently predicted that the "little blackamoor" (as mother Freud called her jet-haired "Sigi") would "probably become a [cabinet] minister."

The little boy found encouragement in these stimulation factors. But he found far more (as psychoanalysts see it) in being breast-fed by a doting mother. "A man who has been the indisputable favorite of his mother," he wrote, "keeps for life the feeling of a conqueror, that confidence of success that often induces real success."

But there were complications. Freud was the eldest son, but of his father's second marriage; he was thus born uncle to nieces and nephews older than himself—"one of the many paradoxes his young mind had to grapple with." Like other first-borns, he suffered the pain of having to share his mother with "intruders" (younger brothers and sisters). Author Jones has a lot of tricky unraveling to do for this tangled period, and comes out at

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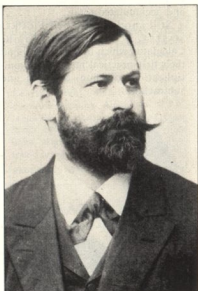
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the end with a neat ball of womb-symbols, erotic fantasies and thwarted infantile greed. Of this last, "traces... remained in [Freud's] later life in the form of slightly undue anxiety about catching trains." This is perhaps an understatement: Freud liked to be on the platform a good hour before the symbolic breast, pulled out.

**Men & Crayfish.** Father Jakob Freud was a just and kindly wool merchant, but his principal weakness, woolgathering, kept the growing family poor. In 1859, when Sigmund was three, father Jakob abandoned his son's birthplace, the Moravian town of Freiburg, and went after better business first in Leipzig and then Vienna. Freud so hated this uprooting that he detested Vienna ever after. To travel, to leave Vienna behind, became a lifelong passion. But one of the greatest love-hate paradoxes in Freud's life is that while



FREUD AT 35  
After Salon, a chimney sweep.

regularly railing at Vienna, he stuck closely to it. For 47 years he lived in the same Viennese house; and when Briton Jones arrived to take him away, on the day after the Nazi invasion of Austria, Freud dug in his heels for a moment. "This is my post and I can never leave it," he said.

At an early age he went in search of "power over men." So, says Jones, does every human being. Like other boys, Freud dreamed first of being a mighty general, switched (at twelve) to dreams of legal and "ministerial" fame. Only at 17, influenced perhaps by the anti-Semitic barriers to Habsburg politics, did he decide that "the ultimate secret of power was not force but understanding," and that understanding, in turn, must begin with the study of the nature of man. Warned by his father's example, he suppressed his natural love of "speculative rumination," and entered (1873) the "exact" science of medicine.

"My life," he said much later, "has been



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### Why you can count on your Distributor of Acousti-Celotex Products to solve your noise problems

- He is a member of the world's most experienced Sound Conditioning organization.
- He has behind him the know-how gained from hundreds of thousands of installations of Acousti-Celotex Products—solving acoustical and noise problems of every type. Thus he can assure you Sound Conditioning that's right from the start.
- He has a complete line of superior, specialized acoustical materials to meet every requirement, every building code.
- He guarantees his materials, workmanship, Sound Conditioning techniques.

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The Celotex Corporation, Dept. TM-103  
120 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Ill.

Without cost or obligation, send me the Acousti-Celotex Sound Conditioning Survey Chart.

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Company

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City  County  State



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ROCHESTER PRODUCTS  
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS, ROCHESTER, N.Y., U.S.A.

aimed at one goal only: to infer or to guess how the mental apparatus is constructed and what forces interplay and counteract in it." But he began, like any other laboratory neurology student of his day, by dissecting the spines of eels and the nerve fibers of crayfish.

**Black-Eyed Martha.** Twenty years of work made Freud "a first-class neurologist, a hard worker, a close thinker." But he showed no signs of imaginative genius. This was partly because of his determination to discipline his fanciful mind, but largely because in 1882 he fell madly in love and felt he could not get married until he had built up a solid reputation.

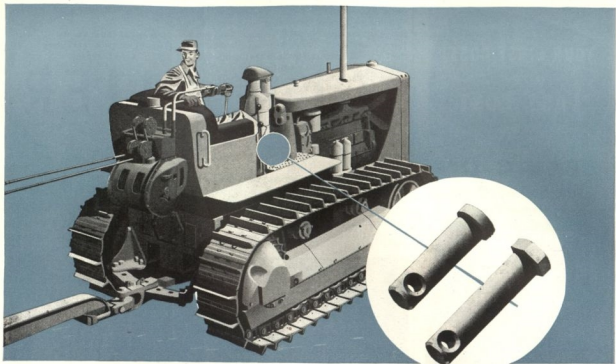
Before he met his bride, Martha Bernays, Dr. Freud seems to have had little interest in women. He channeled all his energy into his work—which is what Dr. Jones means when he describes Freud's young manhood as one of "extensive sublimations resulting from considerable repression." But black-eyed Martha loosed the repressions. In the four years of their engagement, Freud wrote her more than 900 impassioned letters, which Jones is "privileged to have been the only person" to examine.

The letters, Jones thinks, are "a not unworthy contribution to the great love literature of the world." Written in a style often "reminiscent of Goethe," they combine "exquisite tenderness . . . range of vocabulary . . . wealth of allusion." They are also a fascinating guide to the man behind the neurologist: from them emerges suddenly a tough, jealous, ferocious figure, resembling a young Napoleon.

Freud refused to let Martha meet her previous boy friends. "Woe to him if he becomes my enemy," he growled of one of them. "I am made of harder stuff than he is . . . I can be ruthless." He ordered her to stop the practices of religion (orthodox Judaism), to "change her fondness for being on good terms with everybody," to realize that henceforth she belonged only to Freud and must invariably take his side. He rebuked her for having gone "aside to pull up your stockings" while they were taking a walk, and refused her permission to ice-skate ("It might necessitate being arm-in-arm with another man"). When she met his domineering demands with amiable tact, Freud became enraged. Martha must learn, he insisted, that "sparing each other can only lead to estrangement." Every disagreement must be probed, dissected and fought out to the bitter end.

**Cocaine & Catharsis.** Martha put up with all this because she knew that Sigi was madly in love with her, and that he was one of those men who cannot express their love until they have first released a spate of anger and mistrust. She also knew that he was an ambitious man fighting desperately against poverty and putting aside every penny to be able to marry her. His high-strung state at this time is shown by a clinical anecdote. Expecting a visit from Martha, Freud found that when he laid his stethoscope on a patient's heart, he could hear "nothing but the rushing of a railway train."

A more serious symptom of Freud's con-



parts shown actual size

## How *Caterpillar* Gets Two Townsend Fasteners at the Former Price of One

"Caterpillar" built products have a long-established reputation for rugged quality and stamina, plus economy of operation that makes them a favorite in any land where the going is tough. They maintain this enviable record by close attention to every detail of part design and assembly. Even the small clutch facing release pins used in the Caterpillar Track Type Tractor above came under scrutiny recently.

Formerly, "Caterpillar" made these pins in their own plant, but after con-

sulting with Townsend engineers and making some slight design changes they found that Townsend could cold-head these pins at a considerable saving. Assembly costs were also materially reduced resulting in substantial annual savings running into five figures! Actually "Caterpillar" gets two pins for the price of one—at the same time, "Caterpillar's" demand for top quality is maintained and design simplified.

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Fastening Authority" by effecting substantial savings in material and assembly costs—improving customers' products. With the accumulated knowledge of more than a century of cold-heading experience to call upon, Townsend engineers can help reduce your fastening costs—improve the performance of your product. To quickly learn how this is done, send drawings or samples of the items you want to your nearest Townsend plant or sales office. You will receive an estimate without obligation.

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dition was his sudden passion for cocaine. "The essential constituent of coca leaves" had only recently been introduced into Europe, and young Freud went crazy over the "magical drug." Convinced that it was harmless, he gave it to his patients (one of whom died), pressed it on all his friends (including Martha), and himself took "very small doses of it regularly against depression and . . . indigestion." He wrote a paper describing "the most gorgeous excitement" it aroused in animals, and excited in the "virility" it aroused in him. "Woe to you, my Princess, when I come," he wrote Martha. "I will kiss you quite red . . . And if you are froward, you shall see who is the stronger, a gentle little girl who doesn't eat enough or a big wild man who has cocaine in his body."

Biographer Jones believes that, far from realizing that he was "rapidly becoming a public menace," Freud merely thought of



MARTHA BERNAYS FREUD  
She routed General Repression.

his fondness for cocaine as a sort of hobby. But when cases of cocaine poisoning and addiction began to pour in, Freud's hobby made him the center of a scandal. His colleagues were further scandalized when, under the influence of France's Charcot, Freud became an ardent supporter of hypnotism.

This was the turning point into "pure" psychology. In partnership with Dr. Josef Breuer (1842-1925), Freud published the case histories of five victims of hysteria—the most notable of which was the "Case of Anna O." Breuer had discovered that Anna tended to lose her symptoms if she were allowed to talk about them; Anna herself coined the happy phrase "chimney sweeping" to describe such therapy, and thus led the way to the idea of psychological "catharsis."

**Object of Horror.** Comedy took matters a stage further. Dr. Breuer became so fascinated by Anna's hysteria that Mrs. Breuer grew madly jealous. So Breuer

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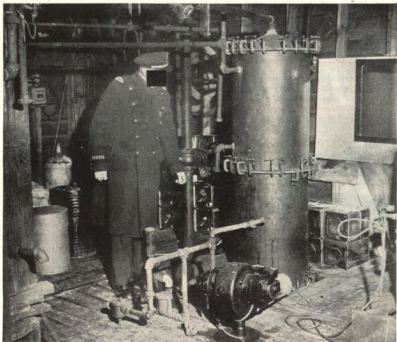
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Write for illustrated folder No. 3





When Federal agents and local police raided a farm at Walpole, near Boston, Mass., in February, 1953, they destroyed this illegal still, which they estimated cost the Government \$10,000 in lost taxes every week it operated at capacity. Nine 700-gallon capacity mash vats also were found. Officials said the still probably had operated for two years.



Two 1,000-gallon stills and other equipment, estimated by Alcohol Tax Unit officers to cost at least \$100,000 to build and install, were seized in a Kensington, Pa., furniture plant. Elaborate and expensive installations like this are indicative of the huge profit to be made in illegal distilling.



The East was the first target of the bootleg syndicates, but today the racket is sweeping across the country. Distilling equipment above was seized in Detroit in July, 1953.

AT TODAY'S \$10.50 A GALLON LIQUOR TAX...

# Bootlegging is Again a National Problem

*A \$6 tax will combat it... and give you  
legal beverages at fair prices*

The makers and merchants of legally distilled spirits are asking that the Federal excise tax be adjusted from the present \$10.50 per gallon to a maximum rate of \$6. Even at \$6, the Federal tax alone would still represent approximately one-third of the average retail price of a bottle of whiskey.

In 1944, when the Federal rate jumped from \$6 to \$9 a gallon, organized crime began to move in; since November, 1951, with a \$10.50 a gallon "tax advantage", bootlegging in metropolitan areas has begun to rival Prohibition's worst.

The 1944 and 1951 increases, supposedly "temporary", have long outlived their use-

fulness. They have encouraged the ever-growing production of a filthy product that in a single shocking instance put 41 Georgia people in coffins and over 200 in hospitals.

Today, thousands of Americans are risking their health by drinking bootleg whiskey. Priced out of the legal liquor market by the prohibitive Federal tax, they are fair game for the bootlegger and his vicious product.

Federal enforcement staffs are undermanned. Yet last year they seized 10,685 outlaw stills; state and local authorities captured over 10,000 more. So long as a fantastic profit remains in each bottle of tax-cheating bootleg whiskey, effective law

enforcement is next to impossible.

There is only one fool-proof way to beat the bootlegger: Take his customers away by bringing legal liquor prices down to average-income levels.

A maximum \$6 tax will remove most of the rich profit from illegal distilling... will make big operations like those pictured above too costly a risk.

A maximum \$6 tax will recover some of the tax millions now being stolen from Federal, state and local treasuries... a loss that has been conservatively calculated at over half a billion dollars a year.

A maximum \$6 tax will give you good legal beverages at fair prices.

These benefits are not wishful thinking. They are based on the record.



**TAX FACTS.** When you pay around \$4.27\* for a "fifth" of your favorite whiskey from a licensed retailer, you actually pay about \$1.89 for the whiskey itself, about \$2.38 more in Federal, state and local taxes. In spite of general cost increases since 1942, the average distillery price of whiskey, less taxes, has not increased. Today it's the tax that hurts!

\*The average national retail price.



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6-7000 lb. capacity  
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stopped seeing Anna, who promptly flew into "the throes of an hysterical childbirth, the logical termination of a phantom pregnancy that had been invisibly developing in response to Breuer's ministrations."

Breuer fled "in a cold sweat" of shocked horror. But Colleague Freud remained, his mind suddenly stirred by the idea of a "sexual chemistry" at work in neuroses and of "catharsis" as the answer to it. He installed a couch in his consulting room, stretched his patients upon it, and urged them to sweep their chimneys. Sometimes he hypnotized them, sometimes encouraged them to be frank by asking gentle questions. But one day a patient "reproved him for interrupting her flow of thought," and Freud "took the hint." Another Freudian law, that of "free association" on the patient's part and silence on the doctor's, came into being.\*

Jones traces clearly the successive steps taken by Freud from this simple beginning to the full-dress appearance of psychoanalysis in *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900). He tells vividly of Freud's decision to psychoanalyze himself—the results of which have been the basic pattern of analytical treatment ever since. As this first volume ends, he leaves Freud at the turn of the new century, his theory half-complete but already an object of horror to all respectable neurologists of the day.

**Harsh Young Man.** Biographer Jones lives up to his promise not to present "an idealized portrait" of his late master. The portrait he paints is of a harsh, opinionated young man, tormented for nearly 35 years by poverty but prepared promptly to sacrifice a hard-earned medical reputation to an audacious theory. Freud was quarrelsome, prone to tantrums when crossed. Once, opposed in an argument by Carl Jung, he fell on the floor in a dead faint. Far from being a "calm scientist," he deliberately sought out the extremes of love and hate. Observing that all the men he respected had "a characteristic manner," he made a mannerism of his "native tendency to uprightness and honesty"—and threw it in the face of the world to take or leave.

It would be too much to expect Dr. Jones to be as objective about Freud's beliefs as he is about Freud's personality. To Jones, psychoanalysis is not a theory which may sooner or later be displaced by some other theory; it is an eternal truth which may grow bigger and better but will never be disproved.

Biographer Jones believes that Freud was the first man ever to "know himself," the first to examine depths whose "inner resistance" had baffled all others—"from Solon to Montaigne, from Juvenal to Schopenhauer." But stout partisanship in no way dulls the brilliance of Jones's biography, any more than it did in the case of James Boswell's celebrated admiration for Samuel Johnson.

Dr. Jones's own unbreakable silence during chimney sweeping has given rise to the hyperbolic legend that his patients hear him speak only twice: "How do you do?" at the first meeting, "Goodbye!" at the last.

# You're smarter than most businessmen

IF YOU GET 4 OR MORE RIGHT ANSWERS IN THIS IMPORTANT QUIZ

1. How often is there a fire in the United States?



- ☐ a. Every 30 minutes
- ☐ b. Every 28 seconds
- ☐ c. Every 11 minutes

2. How many firms that lose their accounts receivable and other records in a fire go out of business?



- ☐ a. 5 out of 100
- ☐ b. 17 out of 100
- ☐ c. 43 out of 100

3. How much protection is a fireproof building against destruction of business records?



- ☐ a. Stops fire before it can do much damage
- ☐ b. Simply walls-in an office fire, makes it hotter
- ☐ c. Complete protection

4. How "safe" are records in any safe that doesn't bear the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. label?



- ☐ a. Completely safe
- ☐ b. Safe from any serious damage
- ☐ c. Likely to be incinerated

5. What do you have to do to collect fully on fire insurance?



- ☐ a. Simply phone your insurance agent
- ☐ b. Prepare a "best guess" of losses
- ☐ c. Provide a "proof-of-loss" statement within 60 days, verified by records

6. Where do prices start for genuine MOSLER Record Safes—the name that means the world's best protection?



- ☐ a. \$500
- ☐ b. \$140
- ☐ c. \$875

For correct answers, turn page upside down. q-g :>-g :>-p :q-c :>-g :q-i

Did some of the "right answers" surprise you? They are facts you should know. They could very well prevent your having to find excuses for yourself—or for someone else—after a fire.

\* \* \*

It's better to look your responsibility squarely in the face, isn't it—and take the steps that will make sure your company stays in business in case of an office fire. Remember—43 out of 100 firms that lose their business records in a fire go out of business. *Don't take that risk. For yourself. Or your company.*

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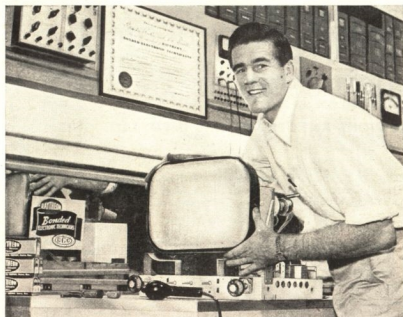
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## MISCELLANY

**Defense Exhibit.** In Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, on trial for forging a check for 10,500 pesos, Prisoner Dario Ramos listened to the prosecutor's charges, then grabbed and swallowed the check, ending the trial.

**Fact-Finding Body.** In Seattle, Victor A. D'Acquisito got a six-month suspended sentence when he admitted that he had telephoned Housewife Norma Rodgers, asked her a set of personal questions after informing her that he was "with the Kinsey survey."

**Next to Godliness.** In Tangier, after a two-month vacation, Mr. & Mrs. Francisco Gomez Pascual returned to their modern apartment, were astounded by a \$9.27 water bill until they learned that about 25 construction workers in an adjacent building had been entering the apartment through an open window, taking daily showers after work.

**The Quest.** In Göteborg, Sweden, when police finally caught up with him, a 19-year-old baker's apprentice explained why he had stolen and abandoned 23 Citroën cars in five weeks: "I was looking for perfection."

**Inside Story.** In Opelika, Ala., Robert E. Reed, billed as "The Man with a Cast-Iron Stomach" in a traveling freak show, turned up at Lee County Hospital complaining of internal pains, decided to change his profession after doctors removed several hundred carpet tacks, bits of broken glass and razor blades and two bent pins—all weighing a total of two pounds.

**Anchor to Leeward.** In Melbourne, Australia, asked to explain why she had bigamously married two men within 13 months, Dorothy West, 19, answered: "I wanted security."

**Old Army Game.** At Fort Lee, Va., Army Civilian Employee Lillian Beloin opened her morning mail, learned that she had been awarded a pay raise, that afternoon got a letter saying she would be fired for reasons of economy, next morning received word that she had been named the camp's outstanding civilian employee, five days later was told she could remain on the job because the economy layoffs would not be so heavy as first indicated.

**The Search.** In Knoxville, Tenn., Mrs. Edna Josephine Hunt Tankersley, 33, was granted her eleventh divorce, promptly announced that she was "ready" for her twelfth marriage.

**Bread & Butter Note.** In Sydney, Australia, George Picton, 83, got a package in the mail, found it contained a medal and a letter of thanks from the "people of Cuba" for having fought with U.S. forces in the Spanish-American War.



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to CAMELS*



*Vaughn Monroe* Famous singing star says, "I've smoked Camels for 21 years. They've always tasted best. Camels give *any* smoker more pleasure. Why not try them?"



*The Dorsey Brothers* Their new band makes great music. Jimmy switched to Camels mainly because of their mildness. Brother Tommy, long-time Camel smoker, says: "Besides being mild, no other cigarette tastes as good as Camels to me!"



*Sauter-Finegan* Orchestra is new, different, popular. Says Eddie Sauter: "I've tried many brands, but I get most pleasure from Camels." Bill Finegan declares, "With me, Camels' mildness and flavor taste exactly right."

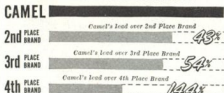
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\*From Printers' Ink, 1952

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**Make Camel's 30-Day Mildness Test . . .**  
see how well Camels agree with you!